NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

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AGENTS.

Portland—Messrs Colman & Chisholm.
Eastport—B. H. Williams, Water-street.
Machias Port, (Me.)—Jonathan Mansion.
Montpelier, (Vt.)—George Walton.
[illegible]—Charles P. Butler.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

A dirge—a dirge—a requiem—
Come forth ye gifted band;
Come with your mystic armor on
And lyres attuned at hand.

Another [illegible] has fallen,
The brightest, from our clime,
Another pleiad from our sky,
Ne'er to relight again.

A cloud is on Parnassus,
A mist o'er Tempe's vale,
And Hippocrene's waters roll
A heavy, troubled, wail.

The Lyre we loved is broken—
Britannia's ten stringed Lyre,
In everlasting silence hushed,
And quenched its spirit fire.

The Minstrel has departed,
'Tis darkness thro' her halls;
And crushed that harp of sweeter tone,
Than garnished Tara's walls.

Yet long will sound its echo,
Through 'England's stately homes';
In 'Forest Sanctuary' here,
And through 'Palermo's' domes.

Ay, long reverberate,
In 'Lays of many a Land';
And 'Woman's Records' still repeat,
Its music soft and bland.

Our spirits e'er will hover,
Where slumber 'England's Dead';
For mid the silence of that spot,
Minstrel and Lyre are laid.

Let us bewail our sister,
In numbers sweet and long;
But *requiem meet* where shall we find,
Save in *her* 'Parting Song.'

Well may we mourn the gifted,
Well mourn our sister bard;
Yet in her own bright 'Better Land'
There hath she her reward.

PRIZE TALE.

MAY MARTIN:
OR THE MONEY DIGGERS.
A Green Mountain Tale.

BY D. P. THOMPSON, OF MONTPELIER, VT.

(*Concluded.*)

It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon before our travelers arrived at the snug little village, which like most other villages in Vermont, embosomed among the rough hills and clustered round a water-fall, served as the place of business and trade,—the miniature emporium in fact of Harwood settlement, and other parts of the surrounding country to many miles in extent. One glance sufficed to tell Ashley that something of more than ordinary occurrence was afoot among the villagers. Here stood small clubs of men engaged in low and earnest conversation, there horses were being saddled and led out in haste as if for some sudden expedition, while numbers were passing in and out the tavern, one room of which, as seen through the open windows, appeared to be occupied by a dense crowd. Scarcely had Ashley reached the ground and thrown the reins of his horse to a waiter before shrewd David, running to his side and exclaiming in tones of joyous exultation, 'O Mr. Ashley is come' grasped with convulsive eagerness the hand of his old friend in both of his, and burst into tears.

'Why, my little friend David! is this you here—but crying! How is this? what has happened? and what is all this going on here?' rapidly asked Ashley in surprise.

'God bless you Ashley!' cried Mundle now rushing out of the house, the very man of all others on earth I have been praying most to see! But come with me—I have a story for your ear, and there is not much time to be lost in the telling, as you will think yourself, I presume, when you have heard it.' So saying and taking the arm of our hero, bewildered at what he heard and saw, led him aside, with little David wiping his eyes, and still unable to speak for his emotion, following them close at their heels.

While Ashley was thus engaged his companion of the road had entered the rude piazza which ran along the front of the house, and seating himself on a bench, sat apparently scanning the different faces around him, and listening to such remarks as fell within his hearing, as if willing to gather the cause of the commotion among the people without concerning himself so far as to make any direct enquiries respecting it. He had not been seated here but a moment, however, before the former rushed by him into the house and hastily bespoke a fresh horse of the landlord to be saddled with all possible despatch. The horse was almost instantly at the door; while Mundle, with a stout assistant, who in the mean time had got in readiness for a start, now rode up and called on Ashley to mount. As the latter was about springing into his saddle his late travelling companion stepped quickly up and touched him on the arm.

'Do you leave me sir?' said he with some earnestness.

'I must' was the quick reply 'I have just learned that which will urge me to the settlement much faster than you would wish to travel, but I shall see you there tomorrow—good day sir.'

'Nay, one moment—let me but ask whom your unexpected intelligence concerns?'

'Myself.'

'No others?'

'One.'

'The young lady concerning whom I enquired?'

'Most deeply.'

'Enough!—I attend you—landlord, my horse instantly.'

'But your horse—he will hardly keep pace with our fresh ones.'

'He shall at least try it, sir' said the stranger in a determined tone as he now received his horse from the expert waiter and sprang into the saddle.

In another moment the little cavalcade were clattering at full gallop up the road towards the settlement followed by a wagon containing another assistant and shrewd David with cords and iron hand cuffs to bind and secure the prisoner or prisoners.

Before following them we will pause an instant to bring up the events of our story as they occurred at the village before Ashley's unexpected arrival.

David it seems had proceeded directly to the village on leaving May that morning. On arriving there, still at a very early hour, he immediately went to search out Mundle and Johnson, the executive and judicial functionaries of the law to whom he applied on his previous visit to the village; but both of these gentlemen had just ridden out, and, to his great vexation, nobody could tell where they had gone or when they would return. Without the least thought of yielding to this disappointment the trusty little messenger awaited their coming many long hours in an agony of impatience and anxiety. And it was not till about noon that he caught sight of them approaching. He flew to meet and detain them on the road till they listened to his whole story.

'Well my lad,' said Mundle after he had satisfied himself by many now readily answered enquiries, 'you have told your story this time as you should do to have us believe it; though I see you were not to blame for not doing so the other day—I have had some hints of this money digging up there before and suspected Monkery; but good God! Johnson, would you have believed there could have been found a man in Vermont guilty of the baseness of Martin towards a girl who has all the claims of a daughter? Thank heaven, however, there is time enough yet to stop all this, by just caging my gentleman bridegroom and his friend before they dream of such accommodations. Come, on to our dinners—then make out a warrant, Johnson; in no time I will be ready to take it before it is dry; and you, my boy, home with me, [illegible] dinner for your faithfulness to that noble girl.'

After an hour spent in waiting for and eating his dinner, and another or two in looking up forms and writing a warrant, the dilatory justice was about bringing his labors to a close, when in came the merchant holding in his hand a couple of counterfeit dollars which he said had just been passed at his store by a man from Harwood settlement, and demanded a warrant for his apprehension before he left the place. Here was an interruption that was not to be avoided, and David, who had determined not to leave the ground till he saw the sheriff on his way, and who had watched the slow progress of the justice with the most restless impatience, as he now saw them drop the business, which was his only concern, and proceed to this new case, lost all control of his feelings and fairly cried with vexation and disappointment. After a while, however, which seemed another age to the poor boy, both warrants were finished, and the sheriff despatched to arrest in the first place the last discovered candidate for his greeting favors. But, though Mundle performed his duty much more expeditiously than the other, it was yet nearly five in the afternoon before he had secured the prisoner, placed him in custody of others before the court at the tavern, and got released from his charge in order to proceed to the settlement which he was just on the point of doing when Ashley rode up to the door.

We will now follow the sheriff and his posse proceeding on with furious speed to a more interesting scene of action.

Proceeding with all the speed they could urge, being led on by Ashley who burning with impatience to reach the abode of his periled mistress before forever too late, kept several rods in advance calling loudly and repeatedly on the rest to come on, they had not gone half their distance before their horses, now reeking with sweat and covered with sheets of foam, began to manifest great distress, and show evident signs of giving out, unless speedily suffered to relax.

'Hold! hold up! Ashley,' exclaimed Mundle, 'this will never do—we gain nothing by it. With this speed, and in such a stifling heat as this, two miles more and our horses drop dead under us. And yours will be the first to fail, see! how he already falters! A moment's consideration convinced Ashley of the justice of the sheriff's remarks and they all immediately relaxed into a moderate trot. It had been throughout, as before remarked, a day of unusual heat and sultriness. And now, although the sun had been for some hours obscured by a deep haze slowly gathering over it, the heat was still painfully oppressive. The atmosphere indeed seemed every moment to grow more murkey and suffocating. Not a leaf, even of the ever-trembling aspen, responded to a single vibration of the deadened air, while the birds sat panting, listless and mute on boughs, scarcely moving at the nearest approach of man. And all nature seemed sunk into one of those lethargic calms so ominous, in the warmer latitudes, of the coming tempest.—Nor, in the present instance were the more palpable indications of a thunder storm much longer wanting. Every moment darker and broader sheets of vapor rose up majestically from the west, casting a deeper and more lurid shade over the earth; and soon the low, deep peals of muttering thunder came booming on the ear, increasing each instant in loudness and frequency. The company, now beginning to be observant of the approaching shower, soon came on to the top of a high knoll which gave them, over the tops of the intervening forest, an open and unobstructed view of the western horizon. One broad, black mass of upheaving clouds lay directly in front, extending round on either side to the north and south as far as the eye could reach; while in the centre of this fearful rack a huge column of vapor, doubling and eddying like a seething caldron, was rolling up with the blackness and rapidity of the smoke of burning pitch.

'Heavens and earth!' exclaimed Mundle glancing at the scene before him, 'in fifteen minutes that terrific cloud will burst upon us in all the fury of a tornado—it is but two miles now—our horses will stand it in the freshening breeze—let us clear the woods at least before the tempest strikes us.' And they again applied whip and spur and put their horses upon a keen run.

Leaving them here to get on as they may, we must now return to our long neglected heroine to account the occurrences of the day at Martin's. Slowly to her passed the anxious day which was destined to be the last for her ever being known by the name of May Martin. The forenoon was mostly occupied in making such scanty preparations as Mrs. Martin chose to direct for the reception of the company at the expected ceremony in the evening. In all these May assisted with a sort of unnatural alacrity, but with as great a degree of composure as her troubled feelings would permit her to assume. As noon approached she expected every moment to hear the trampling of horses at the door as the fruits of her message, which she supposed must have been delivered hours before. But noon and after came and still no tidings from the village were heard—no signs of either messenger or the success of his message were discoverable. Often and vainly did she strain her aching sight towards the woods in the direction whence the expected succour was to appear to catch a glimpse of approaching horsemen. One o'clock, two, and three passed, and still they came not. Perhaps they might have been led by David round in the woods to the cave without coming into the clearing—perhaps Gow was already secured and on his way back to the village—and the thought, this hope grasped thought for a while relieved her. But even this faint gleam of consolation soon vanished by the appearance of Gow himself, come to dress and prepare for the ceremony. With a hint from Mrs Martin that it was time she had began to dress herself for the company, May now retired to her room, and carefully fastening the door, flung herself on her bed in an agony of grief and despair. But impelled by the painful consciousness that the crisis was at hand when she must yield to her fate or speedily do something to avert it, and now fast relinquishing all hope in the success of the plan on which she had been relying for her extrication, she soon roused herself and summoned all her energies for deciding what course to pursue on the fearful emergency.—Could she trust herself to carry into effect one of the alternatives she had resolved on in failure of Gow's arrest, that of denouncing him and resisting the proceeding of the ceremony? Could she command her feelings sufficient to do this—should she not be overawed by Martin and his wife? And even should she make the attempt would her story gain credence, after keeping so long silent, and suffering the affair to glide along to the very hour of consummation without making known her situation? The more she reflected on this project the more did her resolution waver.—She had a female friend who had not long since married and settled on the road a few miles north of Harwood settlement, and her resolution was soon formed to attempt to escape from the house and try to reach the residence of her friend that night. Scarce had she formed this resolution before casting her eyes up the road she beheld in the distance a man approaching on horseback, whom, from the color of his horse, she instantly recognized to be the minister who had been engaged to officiate on the occasion.—She had seen him pass the preceding Saturday on his way to a town a short distance to the north, where he [illegible] to preach; and she but too well knew the [illegible] of his happening along on his return at this hour. Now aware that not another moment was to be lost, she seized a common bonnet and cautiously letting herself down from her window which opened into the garden, glided through the shrubbery, swift and noiseless as the wild bird seeking its covert, slipped through the fence, and, entering a field of tall grain immediately beyond, escaped unseen towards the woods in a northerly direction. On reaching the woods she paused a moment to glance at the clouds, which were now beginning to heave up over the tops of the mountains in hasty masses, accompanied at short intervals by the low, short, and scarcely perceptible rumbling of the distant thunder, affording her indubitable evidence of the approaching storm. [illegible] were the terrors of a [illegible] to the scene she had just left, in which, but for her flight, she must soon be the principal actor? Pausing no longer than to decide how she should best shape her course to avoid all observation from the road and the open grounds on the right, and prevent becoming entangled or bewildered in the depths of the wilderness on the left, she now plunged into the woods, and keeping just within their borders, pressed on with rapid steps towards her destination. She had not proceeded far however before the occasional rustling of bushes and the crakling of sticks and brush breaking under the tread at some distance on her left apprised her of the presence of some one apparently endeavoring to keep pace with her for the purpose of dogging her steps. And soon catching a glimpse of his person in a glance over her shoulder as with quickened steps she pursued her way, the alarming truth at once flashed across her mind. It was the accomplice of Gow, the old man she had seen in the cavern who was following her. Calculating to leave the valley that night he had packed up, and having come down from his retreat, was awaiting, at a convenient stand at the skirt of the woods in plain sight of Martin's, a signal promised by Gow as soon as the knot was fairly tied, intending to depart secretly from the settlement the moment this evidence of the completion of their infamous work was displayed.—And it was while standing here concealed from the view of others in a clump of bushes and patiently watching for the promised signal that he caught sight of May gliding into the woods but a short distance below him. Though soon conjecturing from the course she came that it could be no other than their intended victim, he yet suspected not at first her real object; and, thinking she might have come to the wood for the purpose of obtaining some favorite shrub or evergreen to deck her room for the occasion, he suffered her to proceed some way before it occurred to him that she was actually escaping from their net. Unwilling on account of his own safety to cause any outcry which he was fearful she might raise if he made any attempt to detain her by force, he determined to get ahead of her and endeavor to frighten her back to the house. But in this he soon found himself baffled; for instead of being able to get before her, he found much difficulty, so rapid was her flight, even in overtaking and keeping her in sight. Resolving however not to lose the advantage of this, that he might dog her to the house where she fled for shelter for the night, and return and apprise his accomplice of the place of her refuge, he redoubled his exertions and succeeded barely in accomplishing this part of his purpose as far as the pursuer and pursued were permitted to proceed.

But to return to the wretched fugitive. Having been nurtured among the mountains, and accustomed from infancy to exercise in their invigorating breezes, her naturally active limbs had acquired an elasticity and a capability of enduring fatigue, which are unknown to females of older countries, and which came in good need on the present emergency. Fleeing, like some frighted nymph of heathen fable before a pursuing demon, her lips parted, her hands thrust eagerly forward, and her loosened and disordered tresses streaming wildly behind her, she bounded along over log, rock and rivulet with a rapidity which fear only could have incited, and which the delirious energy of desperation alone could have sustained. While every glance which at times she hastily threw back over her shoulder at the fearful visage forever peering through the bushes in hot pursuit behind her, added a fresh impulse to her exertions and quickened her speed. The thunder now burst in terrific peals over her head—tall trees were uprooted and hurled to the earth by the furious blast, or shivered in the fiercely quivering blaze of the lightning, fell in fragments around her; yet she paused not in her course—the rain poured in a deluging torrent over her drenched person, yet she heeded it not; but catching the big drops in her parched lips as they gratefully beat over her fevered and burning brow, she fled on—on, regardless of all exposure and forgetful of all dangers but one.

Having now passed the last house of the settlement, she, just as night and cloud were fast combining to spread their dark mantle over the earth, varied her course, and struck obliquely into the road. Here, pausing an instant in doubt whether to fly to the nearest house, or go on in pursuance of her original determination, she indistinctly caught the form of her pursuer, who had struck into the road some distance below her, and thus cut off her chance of return. Nerving herself once more for the trial, she pressed on up the road for her first destination, now about two miles distant, with no other means of distinguishing her way than what the occasional flashes of lightning afforded.

Although the rain immediately overhead had now sensibly abated, yet the deep, earth-jarring roar on the left, as if from the incessant pouring of a cataract, plainly told that the storm was still spending its force with unexampled fury on the mountains. And the proof of this soon became visible to our heroine in the rapidly increasing torrents that came rushing down the steep acclivities, overflowing the road and threatening at every step to put an entire stop to her progress. Arriving at length at the northern outlet of the valley where the mountains shut down so close to the pond as to leave little more than space for the road to pass between them, she came abreast of one of the mountain ravines, where, at ordinary times, a small brook crossed the road. It was now swollen to a rushing river, before which no human strength could have stood an instant. To attempt to pass this she saw was but madness; and as she heard the splashing footsteps of her pursuer but a short distance behind her despair now for the first time sent its chill to her heart. But while standing on the brink of the dashing flood, which at every wave rose higher and higher, hesitating whether to commit herself to the raging element, or the scarcely less dreaded power of her pursuer, a flash of lightning revealed to her sight a shelving rock jutting out from the side of the hill a few rods back, and so aloof from the road and screened from it by intervening boughs, as to afford her, she believed, if reached unseen, a good concealment from her indefatigable enemy, and a safe retreat from the waters which were now rising around her with the most frightful rapidity. Making directly for the hill, and scrambling up the slanting rocks at the foot with the expiring energy of despair, she gained the place and dropped down exhausted on the spot, just as another flash partially revealed to her sight the form of the old man hurrying by, and rushing up to the brink of the stream she had left but an instant before. Recoiling from the view of the threatening and impassable torrent, and throwing one wild glance around him, in which horror for the supposed fate of his victim, and alarm for his own safety seemed equally mingled, he hastily retreated back along the road. But before he had proceeded many rods, the gathering and pent waters above, as if suddenly bursting through their opposing barriers, be[illegible] a corresponding motion [illegible] ridge at a [illegible] distance to the south and which [illegible] of his course. [illegible] while the noise on the mountain [illegible] every moment grew [illegible] louder. The deep dis[illegible] had for some time [illegible] now become mingled with the [illegible] falling forests, the hissing, crashing sounds of [illegible] and changing [illegible] water, and the slow heavy [illegible] just beginning to [illegible]. Nearer and nearer it came—and now the earth [illegible] and shook seemingly to its lowest foundations, as [illegible] gathering impetus, the mighty mass came rolling down the steep sides of the mountain directly towards the spot where the terror struck girl lay concealed, and her no less [illegible] pursuer, a few yards below, was running to and fro vainly looking for some chance to escape. Anon it became rapidly light, as from some slowly kindling blaze[*], which, growing more luminous and dazzling every [illegible], soon gleamed fiercely along the surface of the boiling pond, and flashing broad and bright over the opposite mountains, lit up the whole magnificence of [illegible] in wild combination. Nearer and more deafening rose the tremendous din above her—roaring, crashing, grinding along, with concussions that made the solid earth heave and heaved beneath her feet, down, down came the avalanche with fearful velocity towards her. In another instant the mighty mass, dividing on the solid ledge beneath which she stood, began to rush by her on either side in two vast, high, turbid volumes, revolving monstrous stones and hurling trees over trees in their progress, and like some huge launch, driving with amazing force into the receding waters of the pond—while at the same time the forest around and above her, waved, shook, toppled and fell in an awful crash on the rocks over her head. She saw, she heard no more, but sank stunned and senseless on the ground. And, passing from the insensibility occasioned by the shock into a profound sleep, which, without a full recovering of her consciousness, immediately stole over her the moment her overstrained faculties ceased their exertion. She lay till the great struggle of the elements was over, and the storm passed by. At length, however, she slowly awoke. The dreadful tumult that last assailed her conscious ear was now hushed, and all was still save the steady rushing of the diminished waters. The stars shone out brightly, giving her a dim view of the wild scenes of havoc and desolation which the fearful power of the avalanche had spread around her. The trunk of a large tree lay directly across the rocks within a few feet of her head. She saw how narrowly she had escaped death, and she devoutly thanked heaven for the preservation. A faint groan issuing from the ruins a short distance from where she lay, now reached her ear. It was the poor wretch who had caused all her trials, now lying wounded and buried beneath the top of the same tree that had spared his intended victim. But before she had time to indulge in the mingled emotions which this was bringing over her, she heard voices. Presently lights appeared on the pond, and a boat with several men shot along the shore directly against her. It now paused in its course, and some one repeated loudly her name. Did she hear rightly? Else why did the tones of that voice thrill through every fibre of her frame? She shrieked in reply, and tried to move, but her benumbed and worn limbs refused their office. The call came again, 'May! May!' 'Oh, Ashley, Ashley,' she articulated in broken and agonized utterance. The men sprung on the shore and in a moment more she was clasped in the mute embrace of her lover.

Once more and for the last time change we the scene of our eventful story to the place where we commenced it, at the dwelling of the heartless, despicable, but now detected and self abased Martin. Need we attempt to describe the disappointment of the excited and enraged lover, as, bursting into the house at the head of his companions just as the tempest struck it, he made the discovery which the inmates had made but a moment before, that his affianced was missing? The utter discomfiture of Martin and his congenial helpmate at this unlooked for interruption of their plans, and detection at the very eve of consummating their baseness? The consternation of Gow at being seized and securely ironed on the spot? The bitter upbraidings heaped by Ashley on the heads of the guilty and shrinking pair for their treachery towards him, and their oppressive cruelty and wickedness towards the unprotected child of their adoption? The feverish impatience with which he paced the floor till the storm should abate that he might fly to the neighbors, to some of whom it was supposed the poor girl had fled for refuge? The hot haste with which he mounted his horse the first moment the fury of the tempest would permit, and rode from house to house in the eager search? The blank dismay and agony of heart that overwhelmed him on finding that no one had seen her, and that she was sheltered by no house in the settlement?—the prompt rallying of the startled inhabitants—the dancing of lights in every direction as they anxiously continued the search in house and barn, field and forest through the gloomy hours of that dreadful night? The consternation of the distracted lover on coming to the frightful ruins of the avalanche, at the maddening thought she might be buried beneath them—his hasty return and procurement of a boat to pass round the insurmountable mass that blocked up the road—the extacy of joy that thrilled his bosom at the discovery of the lost one, and the exulting throb of heart-gushing happiness with which he and his companions bore back the living prize, together with the dying wretch who had caused her misfortunes, to the nearest house for resuscitation and refreshment before proceeding homeward? Need we attempt to detail all this? What reader of imagination so dull that he cannot better fill up for himself, a picture so difficult for pen to delineate?

It was daylight and a beautiful balmy morning. The scene from Martin's presented in every direction a gloomy picture of the desolating ravages of the tempest. Fields of grass and grain lay prostrate with the earth. Fences on every side had been swept away by the unexampled rise of the mountain rivulets, and their scattered materials lay strewn at random over the blackened herbage of every vale. Each solitary tree of the open grounds, left for shade or ornament, had been hurled to the earth in the fury of the blast. And many a veteran hemlock and princely pine of the surrounding forests, whose giant forms had withstood the power of the elements for centuries, and whose towering tops had served from time immemorial as the familiar guides of the woodsmen starting from their homes, had been rent by the lightning or overthrown by the winds, and were no longer to be seen; while far in the blue distance at the north a broad whitish belt marked the fearful track of the avalanche down the mountain.

Within the walls of the house was assembled a group of persons as variant and dissimilar in character and feelings, as the singular causes that brought them together. On a low bench in one corner of the room, sullen and silent, sat Gow, heavily ironed closely guarded by one of the stout, athletic assistants of the sheriff. In another place sat Martin and his wife with their eyes cast dejectedly on the floor, listening meekly and with deep abasement of demeanor to the remarks of the clergyman, who, having remained thro' the night, was now mildly setting before them, not only the wrong of the deception which had been practised upon him of hiding the circumstances of the projected marriage, in the advancement of which he had been so unwittingly enlisted, but the great heinousness of using such arts to compel a poor unfriended orphan under their protection to violate those vows to her lover which they themselves had sanctioned, and wed a man so abhorrent to her feelings that she had braved and but too probably met death in trying to avoid the fate. Leaning pensively against the window, stood the handsome stranger, who yesterday joined Ashley on the road, and who, though no one yet knew his [illegible] business or even been, but through the whole night taken a deep and active interest in the search for the lost favorite of the valley, now listening to the words of the minister addressed to the humble [illegible] before them, and now casting wistful and uneasy glances through the window towards the north, in which direction he, as well as all the rest of the present company supposed the search was still going on.

Presently a distant hum as of the mingled voices of many persons approaching with rapid steps down the road reached the ears of the company. It came nearer and nearer, and all, except Gow and his guard, now hastily rose and went out into the yard. A band of all ages and sexes, scattered confusedly along the road, according to their different powers and disposition for speed, were flying towards the house; headed by shrewd David now rode in advance, exultingly shouting with all his might, 'May is found! May is found! They are coming! they are coming!' And the little fellow now reaching the anxiously expectant group at the door, and pointing to two approaching waggons in the distance, fell down in utter exhaustion, and gave vent to his overflowing emotions in a burst of tears.

'[illegible]' [illegible] attention to the general emotion that seemed to spread sympathetically from the boy to every person present.

'Amen—and to Him be the praise!' responded the minister in the deep and reverential tones of his office.

The foremost waggon travelled much faster than the other, and being considerably forward of it, had by this time approached to within a short distance of the assembled company, now composed of nearly all the inhabitants of the settlement, awaiting its arrival in breathless silence. And now it turned into the yard. It contained Ashley and the recovered fair one. She looked worn, and much paler than usual, otherwise calm, though thoughtful. Her lover lifted her from the carriage, and advancing with her at his side, would have spoken, but his lip began to quiver, and waving his hand mutely presented her to the company. The females rushed round, and by turns convulsively clasped her in their arms, or buried their faces in her bosom, with no other utterance than their violent sobbing as they held her in the mute embrace, or turned away to hide their streaming tears. The men stood by and looked on with less boisterous manifestations of emotion, though the big tears were seen starting in many an eye, and coursing down many a manly cheek as they silently gazed on the moving scene before them. While this scene was acting, the other wagon driven by Mundle, and containing the wounded man stretched on a bed in the bottom of the vehicle, the latter person having been brought here by his own earnest request, now slowly passed into the yard.

'Bring out a few pillows, or something to make a bolster,' said the sheriff, in the tones of one accustomed to command, 'this poor wretch is very evidently near his last breath and has something to say before he leaves the world forever.—Here! help to lift him out, bed and all. And bring out likewise the prisoner, Gow, that they may be confronted together.'

These orders being promptly attended to, the wounded man was carefully lifted from the wagon and placed in an easy position in the open air. He first pressed his hand to his forehead, and then opening his eyes and looking slowly round on the countenances of those standing immediately about him, said faintly—

'I heard them say there was a stranger here, who had enquired for May Martin, and seemed to take an interest in her fate. Is he now present?'

The gentleman thus enquired for, who had hitherto stood [illegible] of all that had passed, now stepped forward.

'It is so,' said the former after letting his languid eye rest a moment on the face of the stranger, it is even as I suspected—Mr Harwood—Frank Harwood?'

'You call my name, sir,' replied the stranger, closely scanning the pale and livid features of the man lying before him, 'You call me rightly, but I do not now recollect where, or when, I may have met with you.

'Do you not remember your father's former agent for this settlement, and the adviser and assistant of your youthful errors?'

'Colvin!' exclaimed the stranger in surprise, 'Colvin!—can this be Richard Colvin?'

At the mention of that name all the oldest settlers stepped up and bending over the man, looked intently in his face.

'It is,' they presently exclaimed, 'it is Colvin, but oh how changed!'

'You say truly,' rejoined the old man after a pause in which he seemed to be collecting his failing energies to speak further. 'You say truly of the wretched object before you—changed indeed, but less changed in person than in guilt. Franklin Harwood, in May Martin, the girl before you behold your own daughter!'

'My father?' uttered May in surprise.

'Her father!' exclaimed many voices at once.

'Her father! Frank Harwood only son of the old proprietor, her father!' almost shrieked both Martin and his wife at the same instant.

'Can this gentleman be my father?' again timidly asked May, looking up enquiringly to Ashley.

'It is the gentleman of whom I spoke, as we came along May,' replied the latter. 'I thought I half suspected something like this. And why not of so near a tie? See!' he continued with animation waving his hand to the spectators and pointing from the features of the father to those of the daughter. 'See! did ever mirror that mellows while it truly reflects the landscape—did ever mirror throw back the softened picture more faithfully?'

'It is even so,' said Harwood, now stepping and taking the hand of the unresisting and pleased girl. 'It is even so—it can be no other than the too long neglected child of a much injured, though lawfully wedded mother, who I trust, at this auspicious moment is looking down from her place in heaven to forgive and bless, in the pleased witnessing of this late union of father and daughter. And if she,' he continued with an affectionate smile, 'if she of heaven can do this, what says my fair child of earth?'

A sweet smile broke through the starting tears of the daughter in reply.

'Let me proceed,' said the wounded penitent, 'I know—I feel that I have but a few more moments left me, and I would improve them in undoing as far as I can, the mischief I have done—I now grieve to say, deliberately done. You men and owners as you have thought yourselves, of this settlement, you more than others, in my dark career of crime, have I injured. Under pretended ownership of this valley, I gave you false and worthless titles to the lands which you now occupy and which, till within a few months belonged to this gentleman's father, who, having become apprised of his son's former clandestine marriage and a living offspring somewhere in Vermont, bequeathed them all before his death, as I accidentally learned, to this abused and persecuted girl. Would to heaven I had remained ignorant of the fact, for it led to my second offence against you. Not content with having once defrauded you out of the price of your farms, and proved treacherous to my patron to whom I represented these lands to be so worthless, that he on this account, and owing to family troubles and growing infirmities, never afterwards enquired about them or employed others to look them up—not content with this double fraud, I laid a second plan to rob you of all of these farms at a blow, or make you pay for them again, by getting them into the possession of my associate, and young pupil in crime, you prisoner, by means of cheating the unconscious owner into a marriage with him, before the will should become known here, or she apprised of her true parentage and standing, and thus inflict another irreparable injury on the worthy family of my early patron. Nor was even this enough for me—I must filch a large sum of money from a number of you, by making you pay my [illegible] by my wicked plot, for his pretended skill in [illegible] you to discover a fancied treasure, for the effecting of which I scrupled not to expose you to the law by burying for your finding, a few counterfeit dollars of my own make.—And now having freely confessed all, the only atonement I can offer for my aggravated injuries is in declaring the innocence of the deluded man in possessing the false coin, and in restoring the good money taken from them; my share of which you will find in thy pocket—the rest about the person of the prisoner, who I hope will speedily forget the lessons of wickedness I have taught him, and learn [illegible] from my melancholy fate. And as to your land I can only recommend you to the mercy of their now rightful owner, or Mr Harwood, her natural guardian, or,' he continued glancing at Ashley, 'or him, who, I suppose, is soon to be her legal protector.'

'It is but right,' said Ashley stammering and confused at the evident allusion of the last speaker, and endeavoring to withdraw his arm from his fair partner, 'It is but right—but honorable, that, in this strangely altered aspect of affairs, I should relinquish to Miss Harwood, as [illegible] may call her, all claims she may have given [illegible].'

'But supposing,' replied May, still [illegible] her lover with a countenance [illegible], 'but supposing Miss Harwood should not choose to release Mr Ashley from his engagement to May Martin?'

'At least May,' rejoined her lover with [illegible] and grateful smile. 'At least May, we have it now [illegible] to ask and obtain now.'

'And it will not long be withheld,' said Harwood with a gratified look. 'Your manly conduct, Mr Ashley, has confirmed the highly favorable prepossessions I had conceived of your character, and even without this, I know not that I should ever have attempted to sunder those whom God has so evidently put together.'

While this tender scene was enacting most of the settlers, astonished and dismayed at the unexpected intelligence they had just heard, had withdrawn from the spot in silence, and were standing in the background, with blank and disconcerted countenances, leaving the happy little group of father, daughter, lover, parson, sheriff and little David, about the only persons whose interest were not unfavorably affected by the development, by themselves in indulging in the joyous emotions to which the occasion gave rise, and the three last named especially, giving vent to their feelings in pious ejaculations, hearty congratulations, and half suppressed exclamations of unbounded delight, according to their respective characters. Their attention was now arrested however by a faint groan from the old man. They turned—he had just breathed his last. The falling of some body, followed by the loud shriek of a female within the house, now suddenly struck on their startled ears. All rushed to the open door. Martin lay weltering in his blood on the floor with his throat cut from ear to ear, and writhing in the agonies of a death, which, in a paroxism of remorse, shame and desperation, his own hand had inflicted.

Ten years had rolled away; when one day a stout looking and plainly dressed stranger on horseback was seen, with a hesitating air, turning into the same yard where the closing scene of our tale took place. A large two story building with corresponding out houses, now occupied the former site of Martin's dwelling. A sturdy young farmer, of perhaps twenty five, was in the now improved and handsome yard teaching two ruddy faced little boys, of the probable ages of six and eight years, how to shoot with bow and arrow.

'May I ask who at present resides here?' timidly asked the stranger.

'Judge Ashley,' was the free reply.

'And these pretty boys—are they his?'

'They are, Sir.'

'I once knew something of the people of this valley—and I trust I shall be excused for making some enquiries concerning them. How is Mr Ashley esteemed in the world?'

'Esteemed!—humph!—the very first man in the county!'

'And your name—may I ask it?'

'Certainly—David Butler—never ashamed to tell it in my life.'

'And have you not a farm too, by this time, from your own earnings?'

'Hardly—from my own earnings—and yet I have a lot of the finest wild land in the settlement, and I'll tell you how queerly I got it. You know, that is if you heard of it, that about ten years ago there was a sort of [illegible] and change of owners. Well, Mrs Ashley that now is, God bless her noble heart! gave me this lot outright for services she fancies I did her at the time of this fracas—I could tell you all about it, but I suppose you have heard of the money digging affair, and what then happened?'

'I have,—what happened at the time, but not after.—What became of the old occupants who then lost their farms?'

'Why Martin, you see, being the best judge of what he deserved, like a sensible man, cut his throat on the spot; and the judge and his wife thought, considering, it would be no more than a fair shake to take his farm, after helping off his sweet widow—two of the money diggers ran away more scared than hurt, and their farms were also taken; and as to the rest, the judge let them off easy, paying them for their *betterments*[*] as much as their whole farms were worth, 'twas said. Well he could afford to do it, for all the wild lands of the valley fell to him, besides his father in law, dying soon after, left him all his property—that is about half of it, giving the rest to the charities.—And now sir, seeing you have asked a free [illegible] of asking questions yourself, supposing I ask you one? What is your name?'

'Do you not recollect me?'

'Why—no—and yet seems to me I've [illegible] your [illegible] phiz somewhere.'

'You once had good reason to remember me—and I wish I could say with you that I have never been ashamed of my name—I am Gow.'

'Gow! Gow! that same Gow? wh—e—e—ugh! You that I have had reason to remember you—your coming brought me that righteous lot of land which I would be at work on to-day, if the Judge would consent to let me leave him. Yes, yes, you made my fortune if the devil did send you—but what in all nature has brought you back again?'

'Better motives, Mr. Butler, I trust, than those which once led me here. Are Mr. and Mrs. Ashley in the house? I would see them at the door for one moment.'

'Halloo! halloo the house! Judge Ashley and lady, halloo!'

A middle aged gentleman with a political newspaper in his hand and looking a little testy at being interrupted in his reading, hastily came to the door. A handsome young matron some years younger than her husband, with a chubby black eyed infant in her arms, made her appearance a little in the rear of the latter.

'What now, David? is the house on fire, or what, that you make such an outcry?'

'Why here is one of the seven wonders of the world—do you know that gentleman?'

The lady shuddered, and shrinking back a step, whispered something in her husband's ear.

'It cannot be!' said the latter a slight frown passing over his brow.

'My name is Gow,' said the stranger riding up to the door without offering to dismount. 'You are Mr. and Mrs Ashley, I believe. She I perceive knows me; and well may she remember me and my former injuries. And [illegible] I presumed to call at your door. I [illegible] I should be thankful that I [illegible].'

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* A steady bright light is generally produced by the concussion of rocks while the avalanche is in motion.

*This word for improvements made on lands, and the [illegible] by the legislature of this state, [illegible]

[illegible]

'And you, dear lady, [illegible]

[illegible]

'O my [illegible], who could forgive me, the bitter [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] Amen.'

Glancing one long and mournful look on the [illegible], and heaving a more farewell, he slowly rode away and was seen no more.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE EDITORIAL TREASURY.

As the author of the following sweet little affair—not half equal to the first however—appears to have misunderstood the warmth and earnestness of our commendation, we have concluded to try how much criticism she can bear. If we are not greatly mistaken, it will strengthen her purpose and encourage her heart, after the first impatient heartings are allayed.

Contrary to our usual practice, we publish the envelope along with the poetry—not the husk with the kernel, but the pistils with the honey-cup or nectar—adding here and there a note, by way of commentary or reply, as the text may happen to require the one or the other. N.

Mr Neal—Would you like to hear again from your correspondent of the three * * *(1) If so, he or she(2) begs leave to send you the following. The author is confident of being treated with all possible lenity by Mr Neal, but still would not shrink from wholesome criticism.(3) Commendation may sometimes mean, that a thing is too trifling for criticism.(4) Many thanks for your kind notice of the 'Recollections' sent you.(5) As to the Ballad now enclosed, the author can only say if it is not equal to Goldsmith, or Shenstone, he or she? can't help it; why need they have written so well?(6) This writing incog. is beautiful—and the writer begs Mr Neal to give over his Yankee habit of guessing.(7) Adieu, * * *.(8)

BALLAD.(9)

O Sister! hold my aching head,
And press this weary breast—(10)
And, gentle sister, pray that I
May in the cold grave rest.(11)

The grass springs up along the sod,
The flowers along the lea—(12)
And blithely sing the little birds—
All, all is glad but me.(13)

Bright shines the sun from out the sky,(14)
The merry insects start
To bless his warm, and cheering rays—
But ah! they chill my heart.(15)

The shadow on the green hill side
Is fading soft away—
So, let me leave the weary earth—
And, sister, wilt thou pray(16)

At morn, and night beside my grave?
And let the sunshine rest
Upon the flowers, that thou wilt plant,
Above my mouldering breast?(17)

O! woo the birds to come and sing
Upon the sweet-brier tree,
For in the cold and silent grave,
Their music sweet will be.(18)

Look, sister! see that drooping bud,
This morn 'twas fair to see—
But there the canker-worm has been—
That bud resembles me.(19)

O! sister, through the fleecy clouds
Bright, loving forms peer,
And beckon me, with snowy hands,
To their own happy sphere.(20)

And even on the still warm air(21)
I hear their music ringing—
Soon I shall join their happy band
And their sweet hymns be singing.

Nay, do not weep, my sister, love,
Look up with cheerful eye—
Thou would'st not have me pining here,
And wait and long to die.(22)

No, like the dew at night distilled
Upon the flowret's cup,
That with the bright sun's cheerful warmth
Exhales in fragrance up,—(23)

So, silently I would depart,
Forgot by all but thee—
But, O! the bright things we have loved,
Will talk to thee, of me.(24)

But, gentle sister, guard thy heart—
For, O! the earth is drear,
When the trusting heart is doomed to feel
Its hopes are blighted here.

The weary spirit may not rest—
The broken heart be healed,
Till the veil of earth is stripped away,
And the joys of Heaven revealed.(25) * * *

Should the article be deemed worthy of insertion, and be [illegible] for the next paper, please to say as much, in your notice to correspondents.(26)

NOTES ABOVE REFERRED TO.

(1) Yes [illegible]

(2) He or she?—pish! The handwriting is a woman's—the language a woman's—and all the ideas womanish. [illegible]

(3) We shall see. [illegible]

(4) [illegible]

(5) [illegible]

(6) [illegible]

(7) [illegible]

Two gentle Shepherd of the dale
And guide my lonely way
To where yon tower [illegible]
With [illegible]—

as a [illegible].

(8) I'll be hang'd if I do. [illegible]

[illegible]

A friend adieu!—or better yet—
Farewell! Farewell!
But though I leave thee now in sorrow—
We shall meet again tomorrow—
Farewell!—

(9) Not a ballad—not simple enough either in language or thought for that species of composition; [illegible] something far better—simple and affectionate poetry.

(10) Why press this weary breast?—the line is [illegible] [illegible]

(11) What!—would she have her sister pray [illegible] This too should appear. [illegible]

——Oh, gentle sister, I am weary of the world—
Oh, gentle sister, pray that I—
May rest, while we're together, &c.

(12) That lea is [illegible] word—[illegible] 'the grass springs up along the sod' [illegible] 'the flowers along the lea' [illegible]

(13) Suggested by 'Ye'll break my heart ye little birds' [illegible]

(14) [illegible]

(15) [illegible]

(16) [illegible]

(17) Manifestly [illegible] H. G. Lowndes, and [illegible]. Why not say above my weary breast, or something of the sort?

(18) We have taken the liberty of saying sweet-brier tree, instead of 'brier tree' here. The thought is [illegible]—the measure [illegible].

(19) From the old song of—

A rose-tree in full bearing
Had sweet flowers fair to see,
One rose beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me.
* * * * *
I found a canker in it
And cast it far away—&c. &c.

(20) Beautiful.

(21) The finest poetry of the whole may be found in these four words, on the still, warm air. But the word ringing is a little too loud for the occasion—floating, or breathing, or sighing, or stealing were better; but then—where would the rhyme be? 'And their sweet hymns be singing,' was not a rhyme to be spared, we take it—having been procured at especial cost.

(22) Touching, natural, and worthy of three stars— * * *—why not have a name that may be mentioned?

(23) Borrowed from Pierpont's idea of a human heart, touched by music—and dew that 'purmed—made liquid—and exhaled'—and Pierpont's you know was stolen outright made from the celebrated epitaph on an infant:

'Like the dew-drop of the early morn—
She sparkled was exhaled—and went to heaven.'

(24) As beautiful as hope—or as the tender star-light, languished for by the heart-broken and the weary of earth.

(25) With all the rest, we have no fault to find. The ore is rich; but it must be sifted and smelted with fire—the living sunshine must be separated from the earthiness that beclouds it—and be washed with tears. But enough. Were not this poetry—poetry indeed, with all its faults,—we shouldn't have wasted a syllable on it. Persevere.

(26) Received too late even for notice. N.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1835.

ATHENEUM EXHIBITION & PRATT'S GALLERY.

Having run through two collections but once, and then only for a few minutes and in a lump as it were, down outside and up in the middle at a gallop, we cannot pretend to be very particular. But what little we have to say—we shall try to say to the purpose,—and without being too much soothed.

But we cannot—the thing is impossible—we cannot undertake to go through with the pictures. Most of them are too old acquaintances for that—and the rest are hardly worth it.

To begin therefore with the first we saw, worth mentioning—*Panini.* Undoubted originals, and for that reason only, valuable. As pictures, they are of no value; and though the touch of Panini is remarkable, resembling that of nobody else, if we except Salvator Rosa, his figures being blotted out—as if he painted half a dozen at a time with the ends of his fingers and toes, or with sugar-teats dipped in different colors—still it is a manner which no man of genius will find worth copying. The printed description of the catalogue—we may as well say it—gives the whole an appearance of low-lived quackery. Was it intended for a slap at the dealers in itch-ointment, razor-straps, Morison's pills, Hunt's roasted coffee, or a new system of Penmanship? or was it only a caricature of the conversation to be expected from the great bug-destroyer, poor dear Fanny and her publishers, when they are ready with a new edition?

Ostade—We saw nothing of his in either gallery; but may possibly have overlooked them, being in a hurry and having no time even to refer to the catalogue.

Love and Poverty—J. R. White—clever and spirited.

Amy Robsart—and forty more, by *Miss Jane Stuart.* Why do not the friends of the father, if the daughter has none worthy of being so regarded, put a stop to these follies? Must it be left to a stranger? Would they mortify her and make even her great father's reputation—if not her own relationship to him doubtful for want of a little sincerity—a little kind-heartedness. But women are doomed to suffer, when they happen to have foolish and fathers worth flattering: 'Leslie raised one sister—and is in a fair way to do as much for another.'

Independent Beggar—S. L. Waldo. The best [illegible] [illegible].

Sully. [illegible] [illegible]

Ugolino—*F. S. Agate.* If this is the large picture in the left corner of the gallery as you [illegible] at the top of the stairs, the [illegible] deserves a good deal of [illegible] [illegible]

Fisher.—Fisher's cattle are now getting to be what they were believed by the Bostonians to be, some eight or ten years ago,—very faithful and very beautiful. Some we saw in Pratt's gallery were admirable. Of his landscapes, we haven't a word to say. They are all of a piece—and all too good to be found much fault with.

G. L. Brown.—Who is he? Though at bottom a [illegible] style, and altogether inadequate for the healthy and natural expression of color and coloring, yet Mr Brown has managed so cunningly in some of these landscapes as to [illegible] [illegible]

G. S. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Portrait.—*F. Alexander.* [illegible]

J. Trumbull.—We rather guess we didn't see [illegible] [illegible]

Portrait of Children—by the President of the [illegible] Academy of Paint—*Horace Vernet.* [illegible]

[illegible]

Rose of York—and *Portrait of Samuel [illegible]* by *Allston.* We overlooked both of these—and are sorry for it.

Portrait of West—by *Leslie.* Why not tell the truth—why not say, copy by Leslie, of a portrait of West by Lawrence? This, by the way, may be received as a miracle in the Arts. Neither Sir Thomas Lawrence nor Leslie is a good colorist—and yet, by the strangest accident in the world, here is a picture worthy of *Murillo* himself—and we look upon him as worth a score of Titians, Rembrandts and Rubens for color, leaving the flesh tints [illegible] few of Titian's portraits of old men.

Chester Harding. Let Harding stick to the men—[illegible] to the women. The Judge Marshall of the former is worthy of the Mrs David Hoffman of the latter, and that we mean for no ordinary praise, looking upon the strength of the former as better than that of Velasquez—and the graceful simplicity of the latter as worthy of Gainsborough in one of his happiest paroxysms.

Portrait.—*J. G. Cole.* This too we overlooked, and are particularly sorry; as we think very highly of the artist.

Portrait of Wirt—by *Inman.* The best portrait by far that we have yet seen of Mr Wirt; the man himself indeed—and, as a work of art, worthy of great praise.

The Tooth-drawer.—*G. Douw.* We didn't see this—and doubt much if it is there! A real Gerard Douw is not a thing to pass over even in a hurry.—It would stop an entire railroad car. Ditto, ditto, *Teniers.*

Osgood. But one tolerable portrait have we yet seen by this gentleman, whose admirers have made such a noise of late in the—where was it?—the Knickerbocker or the New-England?

A Venus.—*Carlo Cignani.* Capital, if it is the full length lying on her side. We haven't seen a finer picture this many a day.

Sampson.—*Velasquez*—overlooked.

Cleopatra.—*Guido*—ditto, ditto.

A Magdalen—*Rembrandt.* An impudent hoax.

The Lovers—*Carlo Dolci.* Admirable—but, as we believe not a Carlo Dolci.

Infant in Repose—*Guido.* Don't believe a word of it, good folk. Guido never employed flesh color. This boy, if it is the one we believe—and there are some [illegible] not easily forgotten—is by somebody who knew what flesh meant, we promise you; and we rather think, the [illegible] the flesh and the devil.

A Sybil—*Caracci*—overlooked.

A head—*Corregio.*—Ditto ditto.

Madonna and Child—*Dominichino.* Ditto ditto. A thousand to one that neither a Caracci nor a Corregio, and a million to one that no Dominichino, ever saw the inside of the Boston Athenaeum.

Meeting of Rebecca and Abraham's servant—*Murillo.* Barely possible: the landscape and one little patch of deep blue in the horizon—very Titian-like in its depth and position, are like Murillo—the rest not.

A Madonna—*Carlo Dolci.* A modern copy and a poor one—we are sorry to see such pictures belonging to the Athenaeum.

Banished Lord—*Reynolds.* Right!—one of his best heads—and in capital preservation.

Rubens and his wives—*Rubens*—Athenaeum. Can it be possible that we overlooked this too?—or is it there? We say it is not.

Market View—*Velasquez.* *Athenaeum!*—Bravo!

But we are getting tired. As for the *Miniatures,* we didn't see a tolerable one there.

P. S. We wonder all these pictures haven't an advertisement affixed to them.

American Gallery. Very respectable—very—with some fine things—a plenty of wretched failures: though not more than we see in the Athenaeum—take it altogether, quite as good as its long established, aristocratical predecessor.

Thomas Cole. We see nothing this year by Mr Cole worth mentioning in a serious way.

Pratt. We have spoken of Mr Pratt already. Two of his portraits in the exhibition are worth all he ever painted before. One is capital—we forget the name—but he will remember it we dare say—and be glad to point it out, if urged with a proper degree of earnestness—another, Mr Edward Everett, full length, is feeble—the head [illegible]; the original—worthy of extravagant praise—[illegible] natural, transparent and healthy.

Portrait—*Vandyke*—*A. Hewins.* One of the [illegible] impositions we ever heard of. Why it is no more after the manner of Vandyke, than it is after the manner of Rembrandt or Caravagio.

Portrait of D. C. Johnston—*Osgood.* [illegible] [illegible]

Carroll of Carrollton—*Harding.* An old [illegible], but worthy of the subject and the artist.

Valens presenting to Venus the Armor of [illegible]—*Rubens.* An original beyond a doubt—or one of the most admirable copies ever made. If not quite so fresh, we would swear to it for an original Rubens. A treasure.

Cattle—*Fisher.* Without one exception, great.

Pratt's Landscapes. Take our word for it, if [illegible] [illegible] more and happier [illegible] poetry into a landscape than any other artist of our country at this time.

Magdalen—*Guido.* Though we didn't see it—[illegible].

Birds and Nest—*J. J. Audubon.* Never—[illegible] Mr Audubon's water colored drawings—it [illegible] [illegible]

Ferdinand de Medici—*Vandyke*—*A. Hewins.* [illegible] this is for sale. But which is it—the picture or the [illegible]—[illegible] another impudent hoax.

Lime—*Pratt.* A capital idea, rather too [illegible] [illegible]

Copy from Mignard's Sleeping Cupid. At the Athenaeum it would pass for a veritable Guido—and might [illegible] [illegible] Athenaeum [illegible] it in the Gallery.

Copies by Chapman—and others. We don't like copies [illegible].

Shipwreck—*Salvator Rosa.* Strange as it may [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Boston Athenaeum and the Boston Athenaeum [illegible] N.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

London Quarterly Review: Theodore Foster, New York. By far the most gratifying number to an American reader ever yet published, [illegible] no less than four reviews of different American works—namely, the Stranger in America, by F. Lieber; New-England and her Institutions; Letters of Major Jack Downing and the Essays of Fisher Ames. And all this in the Quarterly Review—of yore the most bitter and unsparing of all our adversaries—now the most magnanimous by far. To what are we to attribute this change? To the change of public feeling. The people of England will no longer be fed with pap. They will have Lion's meat. The truth must be told. And the managers of the Quarterly Review are too shrewd for longer delay. They are determined to strike while the iron is hot. And well they may. A [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

But the change itself is not understood here—much less the cause and far-off cause of that change. Radicalism is not republicanism. Hunt, and Cobbett, and Place, and O'Connell are not republicans—they are savage, unrelenting and ambitious demagogues. No longer ago than 1823—when we found ourselves in England for the first time and wished to try the pulse of the English people with regard to this country, we began a regular investigation of all the journals, reviews, magazines and newspapers of the British Empire with a view to find one—but one—wherein we might make ourselves heard in favor of America, and the institutions of America, which were universally slandered and misrepresented even by the friends of America, in the Old-Gentleman's Magazine or Monthly Review, the Edinburgh Review, the Examiner, the Westminster Review, and even by our friends in the British Parliament. This arose chiefly from ignorance—and such ignorance! There was no parallel to it in the history of enlightened nations. We have already furnished our readers with some proof, and we mean to give them more on this head—the astonishing prejudice, blindness and ignorance of British statesmen and British writers with regard to this country. From our friends good Lord deliver us! we were ready to cry, whenever we heard an allusion to America. We will take care of our enemies. After giving to the subject full consideration, we determined upon trying Blackwood—the fiercest, boldest, cleverest, wittiest and most implacable, though sometimes the most generous of our adversaries. We wrote under an assumed name—leaving our true name with the editor to be made use of at his discretion. Our papers were so contrived as to appear indigenous. We said we—and therefore passed for English or British. They were extensively copied, and gradually found their way throughout Europe. Within a twelvemonth from the day we began with the subject of the United States, and the people thereof, there was not a journal, no, nor a newspaper in Great Britain which had not entirely abandoned the habit of abusing us, or, which did not, whenever it opened its batteries, find its cotemporaries referring to the text Blackwood for refutation. Before six months more had passed over, we were applied to by no less than six different Magazines and Reviews to furnish them with papers on this country, and no less than three were purchased up, transformed, or established, for the purpose of introducing a *department on American affairs,* to be conducted by the writer hereof. In one or two cases the fact was formally announced to the British public. Mr John Miller, then of Bridge Street, Blackfriars, was employed by no other person than Mr Theodore Hook, Editor of the John Bull, to buy up, and regenerate a monthly magazine (the old monthly if we do not mistake) and in the prospectus it was distinctly announced that a gentleman fully competent to the business had undertaken to manage a department relating to the United States. We were the gentleman referred to, and we wrote for it, until we discovered who the real proprietors were—and then we threw up. It was in that journal we had our controversy with Matthews, and it was there a general review of American literature appeared, which being written more smoothly and gently than our Blackwood papers, was credited by all our American papers to Washington Irving, and circulated accordingly.

Another magazine—the title of which we forget—was bought up by the Baillies', with whose father, Benjamin Franklin a journeyman printer, worked—the very press at which he pulled is now to be seen in their office—and for that one we were engaged, and wrote altogether upon American affairs. The celebrated European Review was another—the Oriental Herald another—and the Westminster a third Quarterly for which we wrote more or less upon the same subject—a subject which eighteen months before, nobody ventured to touch, save for the purpose of insulting or slandering our country, with a presumption and a fearlessness exactly proportioned to the ignorance of the writer.—For three years we continued the same course, writing for all the magazines of character and most of the reviews, and several newspapers, and always on the subject of America, the men, the women, the history, the literature and the fine arts of America. Since then, others have followed—and are now following exactly in our steps. And what does this prove? Why that there is a demand for information about us now, which did not exist there anterior to 1823—a demand which must be supplied. Were any other proof required, lo! the present number of the *Quarterly Review!* Since that work was established no like phenomena have appeared in its pages—what! four American books mentioned in it, and these actually reviewed, and all in the language of courtesy, good feeling, and good fellowship. What is the world coming to?

One thing diverted us exceedingly though. In the review of Jack Downing's letters, our friend Smith, of the Daily Courier, the real Jack Downing is nearly overlooked—while the counterfeit—Mr Davis—an exceedingly clever fellow, that we admit with pleasure, and author of the very best of the Dowing papers that have appeared, carrying off all the reputation, notwithstanding his *bona fide* home, and *hail* for whole—counting the hull!—which at best is but stage *Yankee,* and is *never heard* among the Down-Easters, and but seldom any where off the stage.—Yet the Reviewer chuckles famously over the whole and with such a knowing leer, it does one's heart good to see him off the trail. N.

Portland Magazine—No X. Decidedly a work of more genius—real genius, than anything of the sort now alive. The first story, *Sir Henry's Daughter,* by Mrs Stephens, ought to be republished in half the newspapers of our country—and the profits paid over to the Portland Magazine. Please to bear in mind what we say—this is the tenth number. In two months, she begins another year, we hope with better type, though we wouldn't complain of this—an addition of at least fifty per cent in the quantity, and a corresponding augmentation of friends. We are sure the subscription list will make it, not only prudent and safe, but proper. Who will grudge (not begrudge) three dollars a year for two such volumes. Our friend Neal says—at least we are told so—that 'The day of tribulation,' by Mrs Stephens is better than anything Miss Mitford ever wrote—that's a mistake friend Neal—you are most confoundedly mistaken, but still it is'n capital affair and worthy of all the most of the praise you are said to have bestowed upon it. But as for Miss Mitford—[illegible] I pray you the loan of her [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

But to the articles one by one, as they appear in the last number of the Portland Magazine now lying before us:

Sir Henry's Daughter—A tale founded on a passage of great interest in our Revolutionary War. By the way—it is our humble persuasion that by birth Mrs Stephens, is a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Fanny Kemble is getting to be as very [illegible] [illegible]

Verses from Ralph the Wanderer, by Isaac C. Pray of the Boston Pearl. Pure, sweet and beautiful poetry.

Painting. [illegible] and a thought worth preserving, and facts worth [illegible] [illegible] himself would ever have thought of 'laying off the fields in a shirt bosom by the aid of compasses, with stripes of a bluish color?'

The Grave—[illegible]

(Oh) woman's heart—Would I could see her said
That would describe [illegible] (and) Heavenly!
Nisi-chor! I'll try a [illegible] spring
With small white [illegible]
[illegible]
And (Soul) a [illegible] bright [illegible]!
By whom (quick) [illegible]
Nay that is [illegible]—(Her) [illegible] have it now,
It is a Beacon (Garnering) of [illegible] light,
Which gathers half its splendor [illegible],
And lights (guides) poor sailor man his (long) voyage through.
When sun, (and) moon (and) star and lightnings fail him.

But enough. Mr B. must learn to resent his fingers—or lengthen his feet—or shorten his ears. It is a shame to see imagery worth preserving, mutilated with a chopping knife in this way. We'd as lieve be filtered in two with a dull handsaw—like that other saint of yore—Bartholomew.

Remainder not worth puffing or scolding at—save the *Empty cradle,* which is tender and sweet and natural, in otherwords, true poetry. N.

The Boston Mechanic—*Light & Horton.* This Magazine, which is published on the fifteenth of every month, at *two dollars* a year, *payable in advance,* (We are glad to see that—such a paper may live; no other can) deserves to be warmly and heartily encouraged by the mechanics every where. It is what it purports to be, '*A journal of the useful Arts and Sciences*' It is very cheap, each number containing from twenty to thirty articles of interest, and one or more engravings, good enough for all purposes of illustration. The Mechanics of our country will never be what they ought to be till they respect themselves—to respect themselves, they must understand themselves and *stick together.* Above all things must they have *publications of their own,* magazines and newspapers. Nothing is done without these; with them, anything, in our days. N.

Our Naturalization Laws. Our friend Webb of the Courier & Enquirer has broke ground upon this—by far the most momentous question likely to be agitated in our country for the next quarter of a century. That of Peace and War with any power of Earth—ay, or with all the powers of Earth would be comparatively unimportant. We regard it as he does, and we dare say as every statesman, and every hearty lover of his country either does now, or must whenever he has become acquainted with the whole subject—we regard it as a question of life and death to the perpetuity of our institutions; nay more, we look upon it as involving and as likely to settle forever the question, whether mankind are capable of governing themselves.

The proposition of the Courier & Enquirer has been strangely misunderstood, and more strangely misrepresented. Instead of going to disturb existing or partially acquired rights, *it expressly recognizes all naturalized citizens as natives,* and allows to all actually resident, within the United States, who shall go through the preliminary distinction required by the present law within a limited period, the rights of *citizenship in their fullest* and most glorious amplitude. But there it stops—and there it should stop. It would not have American citizenship a byword and reproach among all nations. It proposes to disfranchise nobody—but it would not grant the privilege to paupers, outcasts, theives, traitors and spies; nor leave to the crowned heads of Europe the power of *controlling* or even of *influencing* our elections by the direct employment of their own subjects in President-making, at their own charge. And so far do we go heart and hand with him. We are for treating the subject seriously: our native population is already increasing fast enough—we have no longer any occasion for the perilous alloy of Europe. We want a *national* character—and that we never shall have, until *citizenship* is the badge of extraordinary merit, or unexampled services, or the congenial sign of birth. To the Courier and Enquirer we say therefore—Forward!—forward!—There will be thousands to follow the war-cry.

Once more! into the breach dear friends—*Once more!* N.

John Marshall, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was born in Virginia on the 24th September, 1755. In his twentieth year he received a commission as Lieutenant of a corps of Minute men. He was engaged in the battles of Great Bridge, Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth, and continued in the service, until after Arnold's invasion; except for a short time in 1780, when he obtained a license to practise law. He was elected a member of the Virginia Legislature in the Spring of 1782, and in the autumn of that year, a member of the Executive Council. During the year 1783 and the three years following, he was one of the representatives of the city of Richmond in the Virginia Legislature. In 1799 he took his seat in Congress; in 1800, he was appointed by Mr Adams, Secretary of War. About the first of February, 1801, he became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in which high office he continued until his death, a period of nearly thirty-five years. He departed this life, on Monday last, at the advanced age of 80 years.

Although his health had been for some time feeble, and the time had arrived when in the course of nature, his long life of usefulness to his kind, and honor to himself, must soon have terminated, it is supposed the event was hastened by the death of his son. The Philadelphia Inquirer says of his last moments.

'He died calmly and tranquilly, surrounded by three of his children and many valuable friends. The blow was not unexpected, and he was fully prepared. But a few days since he penned an inscription for his tombstone.'

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Bar, on the day following his death, appropriate resolutions were passed, one of which recommends to the Bar of the United States to cooperate in erecting a suitable monument to his memory in Washington. It was also resolved to wear crape thirty days, and if consistent with the arrangements of his near friends, to follow his remains in a body to the place of embarkation.

Birth. The Liverpool correspondent of the Albany Gazette, says Mrs Hemans was '*originally* born in Liverpool. This will do to go with the announcement that the *present* Padroon of Albany is *still* living.

Charles Kean was complimented with a public dinner at Waterford, his birth place, in May last. In the course of his address, after speaking of his cool reception when he first tried the boards, he said—'Sick at heart, I left my home, and sought the shores of America. To its generous inhabitants am I indebted for the first ray of success that illuminated my clouded course.' This is probably the truth, and has been so of many others, but few have had the honesty to acknowledge it.

Mr N. P. Willis. We think too highly of this [illegible] [illegible] Willis must have happened—if it happened at all. the officer in the Mirror says it never did, nor [illegible] that resembled it! Oh those hum-ming from the [illegible] and Old Nosey! Nosey! The [illegible] something about all the passengers, ladies and gentlemen rising up and drinking everybody's health in [illegible] And this again reminds us that we met the story referred to, first in the New York Spirit of the Times, editor of which—Mr Porter, takes it for granted, that all those who complain of Mr N. P. Willis and his copyism, must do it from sheer envy, and might for the very same reason find fault with Washington Irving for what he says of Abbotsford and Sir Walter Scott! [illegible] then again—this reminds of something else, namely, though Washington Irving's characters were all first drawn from life, suggested by life, particularly in Bracebridge Hall, two of whom we ourself happen to be acquainted with, to wit, Lady Lillycraft and the little [illegible]—we forget his name—who was so full of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] whom he never saw, the escape from a duel in Italy, where the young officer who affronted him called French or German, being a German, while the author understood not a syllable of either, and finally made an apology in the same language——no, no, nothing of this do we meet with in Washington Irving—Bush and Blood couldn't stand it; and therefore Washington Irving has never succeeded in [illegible] himself into a scrape or out of one ever [illegible] we are just informed Mr N. P. W. has—for setting on paper with 'a grave, thoughtful abstraction.' The plain English of the whole story is just what we said of Willis, years and years ago, long before he had ever heard of Lady Blessington, D'Israeli, or Bulwer. He is a fellow of capital genius and taste; but he wants *manliness*—and he wants *sincerity*—he is not to be believed on paper—and he knows it. And therefore he ought never to state a thing which it would mortify him to find *disbelieved.* Let him pipe sweet and clear poetry—and talk fashionable and pretty prose—but never trouble himself nor the public with any pretensions of a loftier nature—casting aside the plumes—and shutting himself up—from the lead, free breath of Heaven, Earth and Sea, and all the healthier [illegible] of the mountain [illegible]. I.

Autograph Mania. We do wonder if other people are frequently annoyed with letters like the following—post paid?—We are; and it would be a comfort to be assured of the fact with regard to others. Heretofore we have been in the habit of answering rather civilly, by post, thereby furnishing the very thing required, while to refuse civilly, *Il faut dire ou pourquoi.* Henceforth we shall answer, where we answer at all, through the Galaxy.

Sir—I am an autograph-collector, and trust you will not take this letter amiss.

I should judge from your rapid and reckless style of composition that your manuscript was never or seldom copied; it may be, therefore, that your publishers possess the original MSS. of your novels in existence. If not, humor me by tearing a leaf from 'Logan'—'Keep Cool'—'Seventy-Six,' or some other. A few lines from 'Will the Wizard' were a most admirable paper—will do in case you cannot comply with the first request.

An expression of your own opinion of your own works—judged *inter se*—would be acceptable as an accompaniment to the fragment.

Permit me to subscribe myself *your friend, &c.* &c.

New Winchester, [illegible]

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

Portland, July 3, 1835.

Dear Sir—I like your—*modesty.* Another might ask it by another name. All the MSS. of my novels, I hope and trust was made waste paper of as fast as they were printed. That of Logan is in the Department of State, lodged there by Carey & Lea, the publishers, or by their agent Mr Pishey Thompson, of Washington City, to whom in 1828 they sent a huge box of it—instead of paper-designs. Ditto, ditto Will the Wizard, which between ourselves was atrociously misprinted and still continues to be—*here* and *there.* The age of Shakespeare for example. By the New-England Magazine he is made *three* instead of *twelve,* when he fell in love with Ann Hathaway, and *eight* instead of *seventeen* at the time of the story.—But I agree with you *in* an '*admirable paper.*'

If the manuscript of my old novels were worth preserving to this day—do you think I would spare a 'leaf' to a stranger? Thank heaven they were not—a home would hold them now. Not a page, not a line to my knowledge is now in existence.

My notion of the whole batch is that they are full of genius, passion, eloquence, poetry, good sense, nonsense, absurdity, affectation, incoherence and extravagance. That —that's to prove to you, my dear sir, that we understand each other.

Yours with pleasure,

P. S.—It has just occurred to me that the whole manuscript of *Brother Jonathan* is now in existence. A clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev John Francis Colls, formerly private secretary to Jeremy Bentham, has the whole of it bound up—and I dare say copied by this time. It was very beautiful; and after a few years may be deposited in the British Museum for Arabic—or [illegible] [illegible]. I.

Fourth of July. If this great day is to be held in reverence hereafter, it must begin to be celebrated in another and a very different way, before this generation has been gathered to its fathers. It is now a noisy and clamorous festival of squibs with a hundred other [illegible] may hear of, among other nations. It should be a day of solemn thanksgiving and prayer—of august military parade, if you will—but never, under any circumstances, of idle and riotous uproar. We should be [illegible] hear the great Drama that was enacted by armies, fleets and empires but half a century ago—on the stage of the new world as it were—when our grand old forefathers were abroad in their might—

The earth shaking under them, trumpets on high,
And banners unfurling away in the sky.

In a word—being the anniversary of a National Triumph, it should be set apart for a National Sabbath to be celebrated forever and ever by congregated Empires. I.

Phrenology vindicated! or the unbeliever trapped! Happening to promiscuously, the other day, where one of the heads of the Galaxy was [illegible], we watched our opportunity to lay violent hands on a plaster cast thereof, which shall be nameless—and made a discovery, first, that we were confoundedly mistaken, and next that——but no! he will not consent to have it published. And why not?—if he is an unbeliever in Phrenology, why not?—Ah, ha my lad, have we got you at last! I.

'Guns and pistols and a'.' Rather an amusing circumstance occurred at Beverly, during the celebration of the fourth. Mr Wm Attree, the Reporter for the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer, who was so villanously [illegible] at Hoboken a few weeks since, has since that time carried arms about his person to defend himself from assault. While the butts of a brace of pistols peeping out from under his jacket, he presented himself at the door of the church, and [illegible] admission before the procession, was mistaken for Mr Everett, &c. The members of the Committee of Arrangement, having before their mind's eye the attempt on the life of General Jackson, and conceiving Mr Everett equally entitled to the immortality conferred by having a pistol snapped at him, set down Mr Attree as would-be Lawrence, bent upon killing the orator of the day, the Governor in nomination of Massachusetts. Instead of being allowed every facility as a reporter, Mr Attree was accordingly disarmed and placed in durance till [illegible] [illegible] his protestations of [illegible].

[illegible] assertion that Mr Everett would complain, if he could. [illegible] Mr Everett after the [illegible] and [illegible] Mr Ames was invited to the [illegible] admission to hear the oration. Mr A. may have his [illegible] at the toll-house, the next time he visits the [illegible] peaceable town of Beverly;—for we can assure him that the 'Chickasaw Gang,' never find [illegible] should a person of such ambiguous aspect [illegible] be caught by the Beverly [illegible], they would have him up on suspicion of [illegible] the last house that was burnt there, some five years ago, or keep him on hand for examination till the next case of arson or burglary. W.

The Steamer Independence, purchased by the Boston and Bangor Steamboat Company to run in connexion with the Bangor, makes her first trip next week. On Wednesday, the Independence with a party of the stockholders and their friends made an excursion down the harbor to meet the Bangor. She is finished and furnished in a style of magnificence, which made her original cost about $100,000; is about a hundred tons larger than the Bangor, and for convenience of accommodation is not excelled on our waters. Capt Howes, a brother of the Captain of the Bangor takes command of her.

Maelzel is burning Moscow, for the last time in this city. His exhibition is open every evening during next week, except Saturday. The Automaton Chess Player, Mechanical Theatre, and other wonders, precede the conflagration. Our readers need not be told that this is almost the only place of rational amusement now open in the evening. The hall is well ventilated, and the machinery the most ingenious of the kind in the world.

All a Hoax. 'Oh it's all a hoax!' exclaimed a fellow when Lauriat's balloon made an ascension without him [illegible] 'It's all a hoax, there was no time for the balloon, by the eye above on it, and I saw them [illegible]' We thought that every man all a hoax, till last Saturday, when we heard a woman exclaim, upon being told that Mr. L. and his son were in a car, beneath the balloon, 'My! I thought they were in that great ball!'

Old People upon meeting each other after a long separation are fond of drawing comparisons. Every twinge of the Rheumatism, suffered by the one, and [illegible] by the other, is worth a lease of half a dozen years more to the second one; 'Why only think, he is six years, or six months, or six weeks younger than I am, and I can walk two miles to his one!'—There seems to be a sort of pleasure in witnessing the infirmities of those younger than themselves,—and it is not inhumanity—for aside from the pleasure such parallels give, people are more companionable at 70 than at 30. W.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

'I have a passion for the name of Mary.'—Byron.

I've watched those eyes that almost speak,
As flashing still—they vary,
Gazed at the pure tint on thy cheek—
Thou'rt beautiful my Mary.

Faint as the dying wind harp notes,
Mysterious music telling,
Soft o'er my thoughts thy vision floats
In dream-like beauty swelling.

And bounding like the agile deer,
I've marked thy step of gladness.
That eye is yet undimmed by tear,
That cheek has ne'er known sadness.

And mid the halls of beauty bright,
Like softened sunbeams glancing;
I see thee, amusing fancy's sprite,
Like fairy nymph advancing.

The vision changes—silvery fair,
Pure Luna lights the heavens,
And mid the incense breathing air
We rove at stilly even.

Again I kneel at beauty's shrine,
And clasp thy tiny fingers;
Again I meet that glance divine,
Where all thy soul now lingers.

And on that brow of maiden grace,
I mark the glow of feeling;
And o'er that richly moulded face
A deeper blush is stealing.

'Tis fancy's sketch—but bright they seem,
And dear those visions fairy;
And shall young love no longer dream?
Those eyes say yes—my Mary. Leo.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Roy Martin, or The Money Diggers, being this week finished, we shall publish the 'Ode to Silence,' the successful Poem, and 'Olive Porter,' a Tale, next week. Several favors on hand unavoidably deferred.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Municipal. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen, on Monday:

Votes of thanks were passed to G. S. Hillard Esq. for his oration on the 4th, (a copy of which the Mayor was requested to ask for the press,) and to the Boston Academy of music for their services upon the same occasion. A petition was received signed by George Whitcomb, Jethro Snow, Seth Luther, and others to the number of fifty, praying the Board to notify the inhabitants, to assemble in general meeting at Faneuil Hall, on Monday, July 13, 1835, to consider the expediency, and to take the yeas and nays by ballot, on the question to instruct the city authorities to contract with those employed by the city government on the public works, mechanics or laborers, during the period of ten hours only for a day's work from the 20th of March to the 20th of September, inclusive; the day's works aforesaid to commence at 6 o'clock A. M.—and end at 6 o'clock P. M. of each working day, allowing two hours for meals—one hour for breakfast and one hour for dinner, &c: read, and thereupon ordered that the petitioners have leave to withdraw their petition. Petition of Caroline Coolidge, in behalf of the proprietors of the Eliot estate, that Boston st. out may be widened in a line with the houses lately erected on said street, to extend to Summer street: referred.

The fireworks on the common on Tuesday evening, were very brilliant—and did the artist, Mr Hall much credit.

The Directors of the Farm School, opened the institution during Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, to the inspection of the contributors with their families, and the clergy.

The Boston and Worcester Rail Road, is now open to Worcester.

Boston and Salem Rail Road. The Salem Register of yesterday says that an excellent spirit prevails in that town in regard to the establishment of a Rail Road to Boston. The amount of stock already subscribed is $300,000, and that amount can be largely increased. It is now beyond a doubt that a road will be forthwith commenced on this route.

We regret to perceive that the cholera is clearly in Cincinnati, and of a malignant type, we fear. Mrs Brainard, wife of the editor of the Journal, died of that disease, after an illness of less than twenty-four hours; and a day or two afterwards a young lady aged 16, residing in the same family, also died of that fell disease.—N. Y. Courier.

The General Court of Virginia are engaged in hearing evidence in relation to the several wills left by Mr Randolph, and his competency to make a will. The witnesses in attendance are numerous, and the case it is supposed will occupy at least a fortnight. The testimony is exceedingly curious.

Lightning. During the shower on the 5th inst. the house of Mr. Solomon King, in Sutton, was struck by lightning, and Mr. K. and his wife were both killed.—During the same shower, the lightning struck the house of Mr. Rossbrook, in Oxford, and killed his wife.

The committee appointed to ascertain the damage done by the tornado in the village at Princeton, New Jersey, report the amount at five thousand and fifty dollars. This is a very heavy loss for such a place.

At Philadelphia, on the Fourth, two boys, twins, sons of Mr. Richardson, lock-smith, Norris alley, aged about nine years, were drowned in the Schuylkill, near the rail road Bridge. Also in the Schuylkill, near Gray's Ferry, a son of the late Mr. Crowley, Watchmaker, aged 14, and a son of Mr. Farr, aged 11.

Appointment by the Lieut. Governor and Council.—Hon. John Davis, of Worcester, to be Agent for prosecuting the Claim of Massachusetts on the Government of the United States, agreeably to the provisions of a Resolve of April 2, 1835.

Fatal Accident. We learn, from the Exchange Books, that a dreadful accident occurred at Lewistown, Delaware, on Saturday. A number of persons were firing a cannon, when it burst, and four individuals were horribly mutilated. One man lost an arm; a young lad of about 14 years of age, a son of Captain Hudson, was badly hurt in the abdomen. Little hopes are entertained of the recovery of two of them.—Phil. Gaz.

[illegible] for the Fourth of July. A [illegible] on the [illegible] and were found in it, [illegible] the body of [illegible] was not found until an hour or two after the [illegible]. A [illegible] with two hundred balls [illegible] a few [illegible] of them on board.

At the Baptist Village, East Mansfield, in firing a salute, a man by the name of Whitcomb was seriously injured in the arm by the bursting of a gun.—Cour.

Death by Drowning. Messrs Patrick Clarity and John Kenney, two [illegible] while bathing in the river above the upper bridge. Clarity had left a wife and one child to mourn his untimely end. Kenney was a single man.—Dover (N. H.) Gazette.

Singular Murder. The criminal courts of Marseille, in Poland, recently condemned a lawyer, named Medlowski, to be beheaded, for having murdered M. Brezowski, President of the Tribunal by cutting his throat in open court!

Fatal Accidents. About 4 o'clock, this afternoon, George Beal, son of Mr. Beal overseer on the Merrimack corporation, fell into the Merrimack river, near Hospital island, and was drowned. He was about 12 years of age. A young man, in attempting to rescue the boy, was also drowned. At half past 6, although the corpse had been seen by a large number of people, it had not been recovered.

A boy by the name of Woodward, about 14 years of age, was instantly killed this afternoon, about 4 o'clock, near the upper canal in this town. He was driving an ox team in the street, the oxen became frightened, threw him down and one of the wheels passed over his head, mangling it in a shocking manner.—Lowell Courier.

Clayton's Aerial Packet was advertised to leave Cincinnati for the Atlantic sea board on the 4th, wind and weather permitting.

New Orleans, June 22. Texas.—We are informed by a gentleman just arrived from Texas, that political affairs in that quarter are in a very unsettled state. It was reported that the Mexican Congress had passed several obnoxious laws, annulling the acts of the State Legislature of Texas respecting the sale and grants of land—and declaring that all slaves shall be free, [illegible] to their constitution. Our informant further states, that it was believed that Gen. Santa Anna had sent a detachment of soldiers to arrest the Governor and members of the Legislature of Texas, whom he suspected of disaffection to his Administration, and who were supposed to have been arrested at the time of our informant's departure from Texas. This information was obtained from the representative for the department of Trinity. He further states, that the representative for Trinity district (Mr. Dunn) had, on the first intimation of Santa Anna's intentions, hastily left the seat of Government, and returned home with all speed, but feared that the other members had been intercepted, together with the Governor. We are also informed that the Indian tribes of Texas are preparing for an Indian war among themselves; the smaller tribes were holding a council at Col. Bean's prairie, to proceed against the great tribe of the Camanches, who have driven them from their hunting grounds; it is supposed that the war will commence in the course of this summer or fall.

From Buenos Ayres. A letter from Buenos Ayres, under date of May 4th, says, that on the preceding Saturday, 'the American Consul was beaten with a musket, on the public square, for not wearing the red ribbon, and that by a black soldier. It is said that the government have promised satisfaction, but their word is nothing.—The English Minister was refused admittance to the Fort, because he did not wear the badge. He talks of leaving here.'

From Brazil. Brig Arctic has arrived at Baltimore from Rio Janeiro, May 28. A letter from a house in Rio, dated 23d, published in the Baltimore Republican, says—'Business has been in a languid condition since our circular of the 11th ult. Several causes have combined to render things unusually dull; the principal are the excitement produced by the election of a Regent for the next four years, the agitated state of the northern provinces, the embarrassed currency, and a series of bad weather, which has interrupted our intercourse with the interior. The stocks of most descriptions of foreign merchandise are heavy, prices low, and but little desire to speculate, and we think that until the question of the Regency is decided we need not expect much activity in affairs; the operations of many being suspended until they see the course matters are likely to take after the election of the Regent.'

India Wharf. Two indictments have been filed by Mr. Parker, county attorney for Suffolk, in the Municipal Court, against the proprietors of India Wharf, relating to the proposed extension and enlargement of the wharf. It is contended by the complainants that the wharf is already projected into the channel, beyond low water mark, that the space off four point channel is fast filling up, and that there is not now sufficient room for a ship to drop anchor and swing round without striking on the point.—Trans.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Charles B. Locke to Lucy A. Crosby; Alexander H. Reed to Serena Gray; Michael Daley to Hannah J. Hearn; David Townsend, Jr. to Mary Ann Gragg; James S. Norris to Maria T. Tetherly; Joseph Morse to Mary Warren; James S. Barbour to Louisa Harrod; Enoch Dennis to Ann B. W. Goddard.

At Roxbury, Robert W. Ames to Louisa Danforth.

At Cambridgeport, Frederick W. White, of Wrentham, to Mrs Catharine Stickney.

At Dedham, John S. Pearson, Esq. of Bangor, Me. to Anne Mason.

At Spencer, Robert M. Baldwin, of Waltham, to Julia Ann Prouty.

At Haverhill, Robert Marsh, of Boston, to Mary Noyes.

At Keene, N. H., Solomon Parsons, Esq. of Bangor, Me. to Clara Sophia Johnson.

At Portsmouth, N. H., Joseph G. Hovey to Martha Ann Webster.

At Portland, Thomas M. Paine, of Boston, to Emily Morrell.

At Thompson, Conn. Maj. George Holbrook, of Medway, Ma. to Mrs Roxana M'Cray.

At New York, Wm C. Thayer, of Louisville, Ky. to Mary B. eldest daughter of Isaac Scott, Esq. all formerly of Boston.

At Augusta, Geo. George H. Metcalf to Lorana D. Cheever, of Boston.

At Cincinnati, Rev Benjamin I. Haight to Mehitable B. Coolidge.

At Guayama, Porto Rico, Geo. W. Gifford Esq. merchant, and formerly of Boston, to Dona Miss M. Power.

DEATHS.

In this city, Elizabeth, wife of Joseph Lyon, and daughter of John Doggett, 24; Caleb H. Snow, M. D. 39; Willard Farrington, 12; John H. Beck, 35.

At Charlestown, Betsey, wife of Joseph Haynes, 50; George Stephens, 32; Chancy Richardson, 45.

At East Cambridge, Capt Lyman Page, 24, formerly of New Hampshire.

At Brookline, Peter Banner, 36.

At Salem, Julia Ann, wife of Andrew Smith, Jr, of this city, 24.

At Medford, Sarah B. wife of John Hanscomb, 28.

At Marshfield, Deborah L. wife of Capt Seth F. Sprague, 34.

At South Reading, John Gould, Esq, 77, for many years Town Clerk and Treasurer.

At Medway, Sylvia, wife of Capt Otis Fairbanks, 44.

At Manchester, Capt Andrew Masters, 56.

At Lancaster, Hon Moses Smith, 68.

At Pepperell, Miss Ann Gore Hinckley, 27.

At Deerfield, N. H., Lucretia E. wife Noah James, of this city.

At New Hampton, N. H. Benjamin F. son of the late James Brown, of Charlestown.

At Charlestown, N. H. James Hayes, 85, a resident of Gloucester, Mass. for fifty years. He was a soldier in the Revolution.

At Weston, Vt. Rev. Winslow W. Wright, 17, Pastor of the Universalist Society in that town, and son of Winslow Wright, Esq. of this city.

At New York, Lt Thomas M. W. Young, of the U. S. Marine Corps, 38.

At Richmond, Va, Major James Gibbon, Collector of that port, 77.

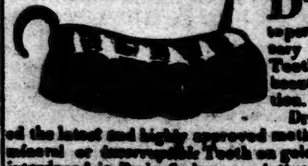
At Bonnsville, Me, of Cholera, James Lombard, of Portland, Me.

At Nacogdoches, Texas, James Waitt, of this city, 29.

At Buenos Ayres, Francis Gardner, 39, gunner, of the U. S. schooner Enterprise.

At sea, on board ship Wm Gray, on the passage from Calcutta to Boston, J. J. Hutchinson, second officer.

IMPROVEMENT ON
DENTAL SURGERY.



Dr. B. T. PRESCOTT continues to perform all the necessary operations on the Teeth, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting the mineral or incorruptible Teeth on gold plate, as recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

The subscriber has obtained the assistance of a gentleman who will devote himself exclusively to filling carious teeth with gold in the neatest manner, and prevent their further decay.

N. B.—A selection of assorted Tooth Brushes kept constantly for the accommodation of his patients. Also, the Florentine Dentifrice, a beautiful article for whitening the teeth, and yielding fragrance to the breath.

Persons requiring operations on the teeth will please call and see specimens at Office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3m july 4

CHANCES AND CHANGES;

A Domestic Story, by the author of "Six Weeks on the Loire," in two volumes 12 mo. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington st. june 13

[illegible] middle of the Gallery. [illegible] number of [illegible] change of [illegible]

BIBLES.

SCOTT'S Family Bible; Cottage Family Bible, in [illegible] bindings; Comprehensive Bible; Polyglot Bibles and Testaments [illegible]. And a great variety of [illegible] in elegant and common bindings, for sale at the Bookstore, two doors East of the Hotel. april 4

PRINTING.

THE Subscriber would respectfully remind his friends and the public that he continues to execute orders for PRINTING of every description, with neatness and despatch. J. R. NEWHALL.

Lynn, April 4, 1835. 2d door East of the Hotel.

JUST RECEIVED,

BY J. R. NEWHALL, 1st and 2nd door east Lynn Hotel, a new assortment of articles in the book, stationery and fancy goods line, among which are a prime lot of Rodgers' Penknives, Silver Pencil Cases, Steel Pens, Quills, Paper, Cards, Ink Stands, Writing Books, &c. Lynn, Feb 14

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

THE subscribers have just received and offer for sale at their Clothing Emporium, Market Street an extensive assortment of broadcloths of every shade and color; Cassimeres of fashionable stripes and plain; Camblets, goat's hair and imitation; Vestings, Trimmings Suspenders, Gloves, Stocks, Bosom-pieces, and every article in their line.

Also, a fresh supply of Rogers's Imperial Stocks.

ROPES & LAMSON.

R. & L. feel grateful for the very liberal patronage they have received, and trust to merit a continuance of the same, by manufacturing Gentlemen's Garments from a medium to the extremity of fashion, and in workmanship inferior to none. Lynn, sept 26.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION AT THE
AMERICAN GALLERY,
SUMMER STREET.

OPENED on Wednesday, June 17th, at 7 o'clock with a collection of 160 Paintings, most of which are the works of American Artists, and have not been before exhibited in this city.

Admittance 25 cents—Season Tickets 50 cents. Catalogue 12 1-2 cents. H. C. PRATT.

june 20

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION
OF THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW!

THE AUTOMATON TRUMPETER, ROPE DANCERS, MELODIUM, &c. &c. at CONCERT HALL, takes place every evening, to commence at 8 o'clock precisely.

Admittance 50 cents. Children half price. july 4

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial wharf, and

Refer to Messrs: Rob't G. Shaw & Co.
" Edw. & Wm. B. Reynolds.

BENJ. BRUCE,
july 4 JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.

BOSTON AND LOWELL
RAIL ROAD.

THE Cars will continue to run, till further notice, as at present, viz—

Leave Lowell at 6 A. M. and 2 1-2 P. M.
Leave Boston at 9 A. M. and 5 1-2 P. M.

No baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each, 40 lbs.

As soon as burthen cars can be provided, notice will be given for the transportion of merchandise.

Tickets may be had at the Depot, corner of Leverett and Brighton streets. Price One Dollar each.

june 27 GEO. M. DEXTER, Agent.

SIX MONTHS IN A
HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

B. B. MUSSEY, No. 29, Cornhill, will publish on Wednesday next—Six Months in a House of Correction, or, the narrative of Dorah Mahony, who was under the influence of the Protestants about a year, and an inmate of the House of Correction in Leverett-street, Boston, Mass. nearly six months in the year 18—, with some preliminary observations by the Committee of publication. 3tis june 27

FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.

They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.

For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 52, Water st.

may 16 istf

NEW JEWELRY
ESTABLISHMENT,

LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 83, Washington-street, Joy's Building—

Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.

☞ The above stock is of recent selections, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.

april 18 is3m

TO BE LET,

A BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, No 1, Jefferson-street, having every convenience for a small family. Rent $250. Inquire of MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, No. 133, Washington street. tf july 4

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,
HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.
367, WASHINGTON STREET.

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for LADIES' RIDING CAPS and CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.

may 30

RAZORS HONED, &C,

TO GENTLEMEN WHO SHAVE THEMSELVES. Razors honed and warranted to cut as well as new. Also, particular attention paid to honing penknives Handles put to Razors at the subscriber's Hair Cutting Room, Bromfield street, adjoining the Bromfield House. may 9 4w J. H. GRUSH, Jr.

CARAGEEN, OR IRISH MOSS.

4 CRATES of this much valued article, received direct from Ireland, and for sale by HENSHAW & Co. No 28 Granite Store, Commercial Wharf, in parcels to suit purchasers. 6m feb21

CLOTHING.

200 DRESS COATS.
1200 pairs PANTS.
1000 VESTS;
170 SURTOUTS and OVERCOATS
60 JACKETS.

For sale by ISAAC OSGOOD, 31 Dock Square.

☞ Where is for sale a prime assortment of first rate CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS. Garments made to order in best style. tf sept 20

LINEN SHIRT
COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—

100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,
100 do do do Plain do do
300 do Medium quality do do
150 do do Stitched do do
200 do Cotton do Plain do do

Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.

☞ Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 14

PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 20 cents. Terms to the Trade liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN, Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co. may 2

ACCORDIONS,
WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by JOSEPH L. BATES, april 11 6 Court street near Washington st.

RICH MUSLINS.

OF [illegible] Muslins, [illegible] for sale by E. F. NEWHALL, 179, Washington street. 2m june 6

FRENCH PRINTS, &C. &C.

E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179, Washington street, has just received a large assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, consisting in part of—French Prints [illegible]; A great variety of Silks, fig'd, plain [illegible]; Sewing Silk, Shawls, and Fancy Hdkfs. [illegible]; Printed Silk Muslins [illegible]; Blonde Veils, Scarfs and Hdkfs.; [illegible] Cambrics [illegible] Jaconets, Book and Swiss Muslins; Imitation Cambrics and Hdkfs.; [illegible] Linen Cambrics; Linen and Cotton [illegible] Table Covers; Linen Damask Cloths [illegible]; Long Lawns [illegible] Table Covers, very splendid; [illegible] Sheetings; [illegible] Calicoes [illegible] Flannels, &c. &c.

These goods are of recent purchase, and will be sold as low as at any other store in the city. Purchasers are invited to look at the assortment. march 28

DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court square, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following.

Brookman & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade; Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils; Boxes Water Colors; [illegible]; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tinting Paper; [illegible] Slabs and Palette; China [illegible]; [illegible] Bow Compasses and Drawing Pens; [illegible]; [illegible] Pencils; Indian Ink, Drawing Books, &c. &c. june 6

PRINTED MUSLINS AND

JACONETS, RICH PRINTS AND GINGHAMS; LINENS, SILKS and SHAWLS, a full assortment now open and for sale at low prices, by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street. may 16

BLEACHED AND BROWN
AMERICAN COTTONS.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—

Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cocheco Sheetings.
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings.
do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth.
do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings.
do do Eliot do do

With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.

Bales of Brown Shirtings.
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings.
do do Waltham do do

with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.

Bleached and Brown Drillings.

Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pongrove, Methuen Company Assompink and Sharon Tickings.

Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.

The above goods were brought before the rise of Cottons, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

RICH SILKS.

JAMES C. WHITE, 29, Hanover-street, has selected a prime assortment of Rich Silks, fig'd, plaid and plain, blk and choice colours; Bishop Lawns; Muslins; Cambrics; Ginghams; a superior article of Gloves; white and bro. cotton Hosiery, from 12½ cts to 6s per pair. An assortment of Newburyport Hosiery, a very desirable and scarce article. Rich blonde gauze Veils; Foulard Hdkfs; Merino Shawls; printed Lawn and Cambrics, for summer dresses; rich English and French Prints; Linen Damask and Damask Cloths; Thread and Cambric Edgings and Insertings; dark Calicoes, for sixpence a yard. 5t may 2

DRY GOODS,
AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and Lease of the Store No. 414 Washington Street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties viz—

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimere, Rouen Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.

4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to shrink in washing.

Shaker of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.

1 bale Domet Flannel.
1 do col'd American do.
1 do col'd Domette.
3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimotee.
1 do do Furniture Dimoty.
1 do col'd Pouit de Soie Silk, at 2s per yard, at an excellent quality.

Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.
Cases of English and American Prints.
Cases and bales of brown and bleached Cottons.
Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.
Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 5s 3d per yard.
1500 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.
Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 3c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.
1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.
Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9d to 5s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, at 2s pr yd.
1 bale Russia Damask 6-4 and 8-4, a very durable article for Table Cloths.
2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.
1 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.
1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. imita. L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.
4 do American Sewing Cotton.
4 bales Russia Crash.
3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.
1 case English Pins.
7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.

ELIAB STONE BREWER,
may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

PAPER HANGINGS
MANUFACTORY,

No. 403, Washington street—entrance in Fayette Court.

HENRY WOOD, Paper-Hanger and Paper-Stainer, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to keep a good assortment of Paper Hangings of his own manufacture, of the newest and most fashionable styles, which he will warrant to be of as good workmanship and durable colors as any in the market.—He has just finished a variety of new patterns, which he will sell very low for cash.

Those in the country trade would do well to call at this establishment, where they will find an excellent assortment of the middling and low priced Satin Papers, besides a great variety of patterns, which can be made up to order at a few days notice.

H. W. would also inform the builders and holders of real estate in Boston and its vicinity, that he will contract to hang paper, or furnish paper and hang the same by the job, or by the roll, and he pledges himself to give satisfaction, or receive nothing for his services.

Persons wanting any thing in his line, and finding it inconvenient to call at his manufactory, will meet with prompt attention by leaving an order in his order box, at the Mechanics' business room, or at his house, No. 3 Granite Court.

N.B. Patterns sent for selection to any part of the city. march 28

NEW BOOKS.

A PICTURE OF POPERY,—or a concise account of the errors, usurpations, and ceremonies of the Romish Church. By a friend of religious truth.

The Biography of a Bottle. By a friend of temperance.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. may 30

BUTLER'S
EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, nausea, diseases, &c. The surprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high recommendation, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most popular remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strength, and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a valuable article; it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing and using it exceedingly convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Cheapside, London.

Sold wholesale and retail by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of Boston. june 6

NANKIN AND CANTON
STRAW CARPETING.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No. 414, Washington street, has constantly on hand a large assortment of Straw Carpeting of various qualities and widths, among which are—

2000 yards superfine Nankin 6-4
3000 do do do 5-4
2000 do Canton do 6-4
1000 do do do 5-4

1 case Chinese Table Mats, a new and superior article. march [illegible]

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

THE Subscriber offers for sale at No. 8 Court st. a good assort. of Gold and Silver [illegible] Jewelry, [illegible] Watches [illegible] Clocks [illegible] of the most delicate and complicated [illegible] Watches, Clocks of every description [illegible] and on application immediately attended to at any part of the city, by an experienced workman.

june 13 3m WM. H. KEITH.

NEW YORK STYLE.

FINE PALM LEAF HATS.—GEO. W. EDMANDS, No. 40, Hanover st. under the American House, has just opened a large lot of Palm Leaf Hats, of a superior kind, trimmed, finished and stiffened in the city of New York, of the latest style in that city, which he will sell by the dozen or single at the lowest prices. 3t june 13

BROADCLOTHS.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE BROADCLOTHS AND CASSIMERES; LADIES' CLOTHS; LAMAS; ERMINETTS; ANGOLAS; DRILLINGS; CAMLETS; JEANS, &c.

For sale at JOHN H. PRAY'S weekly Cloth Store, No. 46 Washington street.

THE above advertised, comprises one of the largest assortments of seasonable and fashionable Cloths and Cassimeres, of French, English, German and American manufacture, to be found in the city; and a great variety of Worsted, Silk, Linen and Cotton summer Stuffs; together with fashionable Silk, Marseilles, Valencia and Velvet Vestings; Brown, Black & Bleached Linens; Brown and Bleached Cottons; Paddings; Canvas; Silk, Twist, Thread, Buttons, &c.

This Stock observed, on examination, ☞ purchasers who are invited to call, and are assured the prices shall average as low as can be named for the like articles, by any others in Boston. 3m [illegible]

THE FAMILY BOOK;

OR, Instructions [illegible]. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.

The Youth's Letter Writer. By Mrs John Farrar. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.

Horse Shoe Robinson; a Tale of the Tory ascendency. By the author of 'Swallow Barn.' In 2 vols. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. june 20

COPLAND'S
MEDICAL DICTIONARY,

PART III, is announced in Bent's London Advertiser to be issued in the month of April, and will probably arrive in this country in season to be ready for subscribers and others in July next. S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. june 20

COCHRANE'S
FOREIGN Q'T'LY REVIEW.

THIS work will be added to the Republication of Blackwood and the Metropolitan Magazine, and the three furnished to subscribers for $7 per year.

The ability which has acquired for the Foreign Quarterly Review its elevated character being transferred to the new has determined us in the above selection.

Those who are subscribers to the Reprint English Quarterlies may now become subscribers to the abovenamed works without thus obtaining duplicates of any. S. COLMAN, Pub. Blackwood &c. for N. E. june 20

SUPERIOR STYLE
OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy Linens, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.

Also—300 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen Sheetings.

The above Linens are put up to order and are warranted all pure linen. may 23

NEW STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city

Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.

For sale on reasonable terms at No. 28, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.

N. B. Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.

feb 14 tf

FRANCISCO B. CASAS,
INSTRUCTER OF THE
SPANISH LANGUAGE,
AND OF
DRAWING.

1eb7 Joy's Building, Room, No. 24.

PHRENOLOGY.

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.—A Manual of Phrenology, written in a plain and practical style, by Silas Jones, Practical Lecturer, will shortly be issued from the press of the subscriber. S. COLMAN,

may 2 Publisher for the Trade.

DRY GOODS.

THE Subscriber having just received his fall assortment of

RICH SPRING GOODS,

from the late importations, is now prepared to offer to his friends and customers a very rich and extensive assortment, consisting in part of the following, viz—

1 case super rich col'd fig'd Silks,	80 cts
1 do do do Pouit de Soie,	75
1 do do do do silk blue blk do	62 1-2
1 do do do do do do Gro de Naples,	50
1 do do do do do do do	42
1 do do fellow edge Gro de Swiss,	75
1 do do do do do do	70
1 do do white do do	62 1-2
1 do do rich 4-4 plain French Prints,	50
1 do do do new style French Ginghams	36
1 do do do do do London do	25
1 do do do do do do Prints,	25
3 cartoons super rich French Fancy Silk Hdkfs from	25 cts to $1
3 do do do red Merino Shawls from	3 50 to $16

Together with a great variety of Gloves, Hose, Corded Skirts, Fancy Hdkfs, Linens, Lawns, Cambrics, Muslins, Bishop Lawns, Corded Cambrics, Laces, Edgings, Insertings, Wro'd Blond, Cravats, Lace Veils, White Gauze Flannels, Diapers, Crash, Cottons, &c. &c.—all of which will be freely shown and offered at the above corresponding low prices by

CALVIN HOSMER,
No. 73, Hanover, corner of Marshall st. Boston.
april 4 6m

TABLE D'HOTE
AT THE HOWARD STREET HOUSE.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that in addition to his Coffee Room he has fitted up a large Dining Hall, where he intends, for the Summer months, to keep an Ordinary for the accommodation of those gentlemen who may be pleased to extend to him their patronage. Dinner will be served at quarter past 2 o'clock precisely, and the table furnished with all the luxuries of the season. Wines of the very best quality, and of every description, can always be had.

The situation being one of the most airy and retired in the city, the subscriber has been induced to make the above arrangement, believing that gentlemen living in the vicinity, will find the establishment one of the most pleasant in warm weather. Gentlemen wishing to dine at any particular hour, can be accommodated at the Restaurateur. JAMES RYAN.

june 13 3w

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality, Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Ann streets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.

nov 1 1y

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house, 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 115, State street, Boston. april 25

NOTICE.

JOHN SIMMS respectfully informs the citizens of Boston and Charlestown, that he continues to manufacture the first-rate of SATIN BEAVER HATS, and keeps constantly on hand a full supply, at wholesale or retail, at No. 56 Commercial street.

☞ Country dealers supplied on the most liberal terms, for cash or approved credit.

[illegible]

MOROCCO WORK.

FOR SALE at [illegible], No. 77, Washington street (Joy's building) the largest assortment of Morocco Goods to be found in the city, among which are [illegible] very splendid Port Folios, [illegible], Writing Cases, Dressing Cases, Tooth Brush, &c. [illegible] april 4

FOR SALE IN OHIO.

A TRACT of 10,000 acres of fine land in the state of Washington and on the big Walnut creek, thirty miles from Columbus [illegible]. Apply to J. A. FOSTER, Land Office, No 7 Congress street [illegible]. dec 20

FRENCH COOKING

By the DAY or REPAST,—or Monsieur Victor.

"Until the kitchen was first formed by Daily, Contending nature to stature from every Cook. The seized profit with viands made more pliant, And friends to physic wondered how they died."

VICTOR AGANT, an artist Cook who for the last three years has presided over the culinary department of the Tremont House, with, he trusts, some reputation, begs leave to offer his services in the line of his profession to all who may desire them, especially to families and Bon vivants, who may require him and to private Dinners, Suppers, wedding and other feasts. He flatters himself from his long practice and experience of the Gastronomic art that he can get up repasts in the most modern and exquisite style of the Cuisine Française, to the entire satisfaction of all who may honor him with their commands, and [illegible] him to his department and tribute to the health, comfort and pleasure of his employers.

He also takes the liberty to inform those gentlemen of Boston who have a decided preference for those [illegible] Cuisine Française, that he can furnish six or twelve persons with dinners (on being notified of their wishes one day in advance) at his house Pierce [illegible] No 4 Province street, opposite Marlborough place.

nov 22 "Small but neat."

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic Feathers; South American Hair; first rate Feather Beds; Hair Mattresses; Curled Hair, &c., which they will sell wholesale or at retail, on as good terms as at any other establishment in this city. [illegible] No 7 Union street. istf [illegible]

CIDER.

350 BBLS Refined Cider, a very superior article for bottling, for sale by

HOLBROOK & MOODY,
No. 218, Ann-street, corner of Sun Court st.

Also, for sale, a quantity of bottled Cider, as above

☞ Cider delivered to any part of the city free of expense. 3m march 7

STOCK FRAMES,

BINDING SKINS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

LADIES FRENCH SHOES.

1 CASE FRENCH SHOES, 'Joly's' manufacture, (a superior article) containing Ladies' Morocco Walking Pumps; blk Morocco Kid and Satin Slips, brides and other colors.

Also, one case do do 'Ette's' manufacture.

The above together with a good assortment of Ladies, Misses' and Childrens' SHOES, of every description, are offered for sale on the best terms, by

WILLIAM F. HAYNES,
March 28 ep3m 240, Washington street.

THE ORIGINAL
GOLDEN COMB.

A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, alters old combs, Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 23

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS.

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. june 6

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON. The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.

april 25 414, Washington-street.

APPROVED
SCHOOL BOOKS.

ALGER'S MURRAY'S GRAMMAR.—Being an abridgement of Murray's English Grammar, with an Appendix; containing exercises in Orthography, in Parsing, in Syntax, and in Punctuation—designed for the younger classes of learners—by Lindley Murray. To which questions are added, punctuation, and the noted under Rules in Syntax copiously supplied from the author's large grammar, being his own abridgement entire revised, prepared, and adapted to the use of the "English Exercises"—by Israel Alger, Jr. A. M. recently a teacher in Hawkins street School, Boston.

As a cheap and compendious elementary work for general use, this is probably the best Grammar extant, and is rapidly gaining an introduction into most of the towns in New-England. Though furnished at a moderate price, it is so copious as, in most cases, to supersede the necessity of a larger work.

[Extract from the Records of the School Committee, Boston.]

At a meeting of the School Committee, held at the Mayor and Aldermen's rooms, May 5, 1830, it was—Voted, That Alger's Abridgement of Murray's Grammar, Boston stereotype edition, be introduced into the public Reading and Grammar Schools in this city.

John Pierpont, Secretary.

Alger's Murray's English Exercises—consisting of Exercises in Parsing, instances of false Orthography, violations of the rules in Syntax, defects in Punctuation, and violations of the rules respecting perspicuity and accurate writing—with which the corresponding rules, notes and observations, in Murray's Grammar are incorporated: also, References in Promiscuous Exercises to the Rules by which the errors are to be corrected. Revised, prepared and particularly adapted to the use of Schools; by Israel Alger, jr A. M.

Extract from the Preface.

It is believed that both teachers and pupils have laboured under numerous and serious inconveniences, in relation to certain parts of these Exercises, for want of those facilities which this volume is designed to supply. Those rules in Mr Murray's Grammar which relate to the correction of each part of the Exercises in Orthography, Syntax, Punctuation and Rhetorical construction, have been introduced into this manual immediately preceding the exercises to which they relate. The pupil being thus furnished with the principles by which he is to be governed in his corrections, may pursue his task with profit and pleasure. In this edition, more than forty blank pages of matter have been added from Mr Murray's Grammar.

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION—by R. G. Parker, Principal of the Franklin Grammar School Boston. 6th stereotype edition. Price, neatly bound, 31 cents. Twenty thousand copies having been sold of this popular work, the Publisher has now stereotyped it; and the author desirous of rendering it more worthy of the favor it has received, has made some additions, which will supersede the necessity of using any abridged treatise of Rhetoric in connection with it.

Extract from the Preface.

Two great obstacles beset the pupil in his first attempts at composition. The first is the difficulty of obtaining ideas, (or learning to think;) the second is that of expressing them properly when obtained. In this volume the author has endeavored to afford some assistance to the pupil in overcoming these difficulties. The simplicity of the plan here proposed requires no labored explanation. The first Exercise, or lesson, requires, by giving the word, or a number of words, and [illegible] asking for a definition of them requiring him to use them in a sentence of idea of his own. From this simple exercise he is led onward through a series of lessons in easy and regular progression, from the simplest principles to the most difficult practice. If on the first inspection any of the Lessons appear too difficult, the author respectfully requests the time of trial and experience before they are condemned. They have been performed, and the facility of some of these apparently the most difficult, have written by the pupils in the school of which he has the charge.

☞ As evidence in favour of the merit and utility of this Work, the fact may be stated, that it has been republished in England, and received considerable notice from the public journals. The following Recommendation is furnished.

From Mr Walker, Principal of the Eliot School, Boston.

By such a work, all the difficulties and discouragements which the pupil has to encounter in his first attempts to write, are in a great measure removed, and he is led on progressively in a methodical and philosophical manner, till he can express his ideas on any subject, which [illegible] not only with sufficient distinctness and accuracy, but, even with elegance and propriety. An elementary treatise on composition, like the one before me, is certainly much needed at the present day. I think this work will have an extensive circulation, and I hope the time is not distant, when this branch of education, hitherto much neglected, will receive that attention which is in some degree its importance demands.

☞ The same author has in progress, a second part, or Sequel to the above popular work.

Teachers and others interested in education who have not examined the above, are invited to call and receive copies (gratis) for this purpose.

New editions of the above popular School Books, handsomely printed from stereotype plates and neatly bound, just published and for sale at 77 Washington street, Joy's buildings, and by the principal booksellers in the United States.

Also, for sale as above, a general assortment of School and Classical Books. Teachers and country merchants are respectfully invited to call. ep6m may 30

FANCY PRINTING,

CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, BLANKS, STORE AND SHOW BILLS,
PROMPTLY EXECUTED
AT THE PRESENT OFFICE OF THE
GALAXY OFFICE,
No 3 Court Street, Boston.

MISCELLANY.

HOW TO MAKE 'LOVE.'

RECEIPT NOT IN THE COOKERY BOOKS.

Turn up the whites of one pair of eyes;
Squeeze out the bitter of one pair of sighs;
Mix it up tightly with flattery's flour;
Set it to simmer at least for an hour;
See that it's warm as you serve with a spoon;
Mind you dont let it boil over too soon;
Put out of confectioner's kisses, enough;
Add of pure spirit, of course, quantum suff;
Carefully skim away every drop
Bubbling mischief floating at top;
If you like ginger, spicy and highflavored,
[illegible]
Let it be always thrown in without care
That nobody will guess that it was there;
Sweeten with honey (this do to your taste);
Garnish with ornaments, not of course paste:
Serve it up hot, 'tis the very best rule—
Though, truly, by some it is set by to cool!

From Sketches of Indian Life, and habits, taken during an expedition to the Pawnee tribes, by John S. Irving, jr.

THE LEGEND OF THE SALINE RIVER.

Many years since, long before the whites had extended their march beyond the banks of the Mississippi river, a tribe of Indians resided upon the Platte, near its junction with the Saline. Among these was one, the chief warrior of the nation, celebrated throughout all the neighbouring country, for his fierce and unsparing disposition. Not a hostile village within several hundred miles, but wailed for those who had fallen beneath his arm, not a brook, but had run red with the blood of his victims. He was forever engaged in plotting destruction to his enemies. He led his warriors from one village to another, carrying death to the inhabitants, and desolation to their homes. He was a terror to old and young.

Often, alone and unattended, would he steal off, to bathe his hands in blood, and add new victims to the countless number of those whom he had already slain. But fearful as he was to the hostile tribes, he was equally dreaded by his own people. They gloried in him as their leader, but shrunk from all fellowship with him.—His lodge was deserted, and even in the midst of his own nation he was alone. Yet there was one being that clung to him, and loved him in defiance of the sternness of his rugged nature. It was the daughter of the chief of the village; a beautiful girl and graceful as one of the fawns of her own prairie.

Though she had many admirers, yet when the warrior declared his intention of asking of her father, none dared come in competition with so formidable a rival.—She became his wife, and he loved her with all the fierce energy of his nature. It was a new feeling to him. It stole like a sunbeam over the dark passions of his heart. His feelings gushed forth, to meet the warm affection of the only being that had ever loved him. Her sway over him was unbounded. He was a tiger tamed. But this did not last long. She died; he uttered no wail, he shed no tear. He returned to his lonely lodge and forbade all entrance. No sound of grief was heard from it—all was silent as the tomb. The morning came, and with its earliest dawn he left the lodge. His body was covered with war paint, and he was fully armed as if for some expedition. His eye was the same, there was the same sullen fire that had ever shot from its deep sunk socket. There was no wavering of a single feature; there was not the shrinking of a single muscle. He took no notice of those around him; but walked gloomily to the spot where his wife was buried. He paused for a moment over the grave—plucked a wild flower from among the grass, and cast it upon the upturned sod. Then turning on his heel, strode across the prairie.

After the lapse of a month he returned to his village laden with the scalps of men, women, and children, which he hung in the smoke of his lodge. He tarried but a day among the tribe, and again set off, lonely as ever. A week elapsed, and he returned bringing with him a larg lump of white salt. In a few words he told his tale. He had travelled many miles over the prairie. The sun had set in the west, and the moon was just rising above the verge of the horizon. The Indian was weary, and threw himself on the grass. He had not slept long, when he was awakened by the low wailing of a female. He started up, and at a little distance, by the light of the moon, beheld an old, decrepit hag, brandishing a tomahawk over the head of a young female, who was kneeling, imploring mercy.

The warrior wondered how two females could be at this spot, alone, and at that hour of night; for there was no village within forty miles of the place. There could be no hunting party near, or he would have discovered it. He approached them; but they seemed unconscious of his presence. The young female finding her prayers unheeded, sprang up, and made a desperate attempt to get possession of the tomahawk. A furious struggle ensued, but the old woman was victorious. Twisting one hand in the long black hair of her victim, she raised the weapon in her other, and prepared to strike. The face of the young female was turned to the light, and the warrior beheld with horror, the features of his deceased wife. In an instant he sprang forward, and his tomahawk was buried in the skull of the old squaw. But ere he had time to clasp the form of his wife, the ground opened, both sunk from his sight, and on the spot appeared a rock of white salt. He had broken a piece from it, and brought it to his tribe.

This tradition is still current, among the different tribes of Indians frequenting that portion of the country.—They also imagine, that the rock is still under custody of the old squaw, and that the only way to obtain a portion of it, is to attract her. For this reason, before attempting to collect salt, they beat the ground with clubs and tomahawks, and each blow, is considered as inflicted upon the person of the hag. The ceremony is continued, until they imagine she has been sufficiently belaboured, to resign her treasure without opposition.—This superstition, though privately ridiculed by the chiefs of the different tribes, is still practised by them, and most devoutly credited by the rabble.

FROM WOLFF'S TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

IDOLATRY. With Moonshee Djiaram I had the following dialogue: *Moonshee D.* 'You ought to try to read our Veda, (sacred books.) Adam you call the first man, was only of yesterday! The world was created and peopled millions and millions of years before Adam!! You reproach us with worshipping stone; but there is no truth in the assertion that we believe it to be GOD. We worship a stone as we worship a plant, for this, that the power of GOD is seen in both. We worship the cow; for GOD has displayed his power in her, she provides men with milk. We worship good men; for GOD displays his power in them, by making them good.'

I am daily more convinced how correctly the great Maimonides defined idolatry, in his book entitled, 'More Naboo Chim.' That idolatry does not consist in believeing the very creature to be GOD; but in worshipping the invisible Creator through a visible image.—For I do not believe that there ever has been a nation that worshipped the very image as their Creator. The idolatry of the Hindoos is nothing more nor less than the high-sounded Pantheism taught by some philosophers in Germany, and by Suffees in Persia, or, in a word, it is Spinozaism.

CASHMEER. How sadly one is disappointed on approaching this celebrated city: to which, according to a commonly received saying, Solomon did fly, carried in the air by one of the Genii!!! Instead of the splendid palaces described so enchantingly by the poets, one sees only ruined and miserable cottages! instead of the far-famed beauties of Cashmeer, one meets with the most ugly, half-starved, blind, and dirty-looking females; and the road is covered with females, who assure strangers that the fame of their liberality and munificence has reached Cashmeer many months ago.

The River Jelum runs through the city, dividing it into two principal parts which are connected together by seven bridges, or as they are called in the Cashmeer language, Gadala. The people go from one street to another in little boats, which are very numerous; for victuals, and all necessary things are brought by boats: but these cannot be compared to the beautiful gondolas of Venice. The curious inquirer will in vain seek here for traces of what the great Gottfried Von Herder supposes was the garden of Eden; and what is more surprising, in vain will the traveller look here for large shawl shops, or shawl manufactories; in vain for splendid mosques and minarets: all is in ruins.

CONVERSATION WITH TWO FAKEERS. Two Fakeers came to beg charity. One was naked, and the other had dust on his face.

Myself, to the first. What is your occupation?

Fakeer. The service of GOD.

Myself. How do you serve GOD?

Fakeer. By walking and dancing about like a fool, the whole day and the whole night; and saying this, he began to dance about, exclaiming continually, 'Oh GOD! nothing but thee, Oh GOD! nothing but thee.'

Myself, to the second. Why have you dust on your face?

Fakeer. I am a descendant of Imam Jaaafer Sadek, buried at Medinah. Man is of dust, and therefore he must have dust on his face.

It is striking, that in Persia, as well as in Hindoostan, the Fakeers and Dervishes look with contempt upon

---

[illegible] written word of God, [illegible] with a degree of perfection, that all [illegible]. And I think it is a strong proof that all men descended from one common father, Adam, that the learned [illegible] in England, [illegible] the Fakeers and learned men in Persia; though in different forms and shapes; in the one more refined and [illegible] than in the other. The system of Boehme, of Swedenborg, of Leibnitz, Emanuel Kant, Schelling, and Fichte, may be traced and easily discovered in Persia, and among the Fakeers, and the Himalaya mountains. Also, the law of celibacy and in a great degree the spirit of Popery, is found among the Lamas at Ladak; and many a Catherine of Siena, and many a man like Theresa of Cordova, may be found in the female convents of the Tshomo, or Ane (nuns) of Ladak and Lassa.

BULWER'S NEW BOOK. The London papers contain extracts from "*The Student*." The Court Journal says its pages are full of new lights, happy illustration, a sort of diary of the mind, whose leaves present the vivid impressions, and the profitable deductions. The following is an extract.

"The morning after my arrival at the inn, which is placed (a little distance from Geneva) on the margin of the lake, I crossed to the house which Byron inhabited and which is almost exactly opposite. The day was calm but gloomy, the waters almost without a ripple.—Arrived at the opposite shore, you ascend, by a somewhat rude and steep ascent, to a small village, winding round which, you come upon the gates of a house. On the right hand side of the road, as you thus enter, is a vineyard, in which, at that time the grapes hung ripe and clustering. Within the gates are some three or four trees, ranged in an avenue. Descending a few steps, you see, in a small court before the door, a rude fountain; it was then dried up—the waters had ceased to play. On either side is a small garden branching from the court, and by the door are rough stone seats. You enter a small hall, and thence an apartment containing three rooms. The principal one is charming—long, and of an oval shape, with carved wainscoating—the windows on three sides of the room command the most beautiful views of Geneva, the Lake, and its opposite shores. They open upon a terrace paved with stone; on that terrace how often he must have "watched with wistful eyes the setting sun!" It was here that he was in the ripest maturity of his genius—in the most interesting epoch of his life. He had passed the bridge that severed him from his country, but the bridge was not yet broken down. He had not yet been enervated by the soft south. His luxuries were still of the intellect—his sensualism was of nature—his mind had not faded from its youthfulness and vigor—his was yet the season of hope rather than of performance, and the world dreamt more of what he would be than what he had been. His works (the Paris edition) were on the table. Himself was every where! Near to this room is a smaller cabinet, very simply and rudely furnished. On one side, in a recess, is a bed,—on the other, a door communicates with a dressing-room.

Here, I was told, he was chiefly accustomed to write.—And what works? "Manfred," and the most beautiful stanza of the third Canto of "Childe Harold," rush at once upon our memory. You now ascend the stairs, and pass a passage, at the end of which is a window, commanding a superb view of the Lake. The passage is hung with some curious but wretched portraits.—Francis I., Diana of Poitiers, and Julius Scaliger, among the rest. You now enter his bed-room. Nothing can be more homely than the furniture; the bed is in a recess, and in one corner an old walnut-tree bureau, where you still see written over some of the compartments, "Letters of Lady B——." His imaginary life vanishes before this simple label, and all the weariness and all the disappointment of his real domestic life come sadly upon you. You recall the nine executions in one year—the annoyance, and the bickering, and the estrangement, and the gossip scandal of the world, and the "Broken House-hold Gods." Men may moralize as they will, but misfortunes cause error,—and atone for it. * * *

MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY. On the 21st of December last, I was passing through the state of South Carolina, and in the evening arrived in the suburbs of the town of———. I was soon informed that the family was invited to a wedding, at a neighboring house, and on being requested I prepared myself, and went with them. As soon as the young couple were married, the company was seated, and a profound silence ensued. A young lawyer then arose and addressed the company very handsomely, and in finishing his discourse begged leave to offer a new scheme of matrimony, which he believed and hoped would be beneficial. And on obtaining leave he proposed,—that one gentleman in the company should be selected as president, and that he should be duly sworn to keep secret entirely all communications that should be forwarded to him in his official capacity that night, and that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the person's name whom they would wish to marry, and then hand it to the president [of matrimony?] for inspection. If any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each of the result; and those who had not been reciprocal in their choices, should have them kept entirely secret.

After the appointment of the president the communications were accordingly handed in, and it was found that twelve young gentlemen and ladies had made reciprocal choices, but who they had chosen remained a secret to all but themselves and the president. The conversation changed, and the company soon retired.

Now hear the conclusion. I was passing through the place on the 14th of March following, and was informed that eleven of the twelve matches had been solemnized, and that eight of the eleven gentlemen had declared that their diffidence was so great that they certainly should not have addressed their respective wives if the above scheme had not been introduced. Gentlemen under 20 and ladies under 15 were excluded as unmarriageble.

You will be pleased to let the public hear of this scheme, and I hope it will be productive of much good, by being practiced in Connecticut. *From the Middletown (Conn.) Advocate.*

AMERICANS. In nothing, perhaps, is the character of Americans so little understood by Europeans entirely unacquainted with our country, as in that constant civility, kindness and respect which mark their intercourse with one another, particularly with the stranger of modest, unassuming deportment and good manners. Such a person, whether travelling through the country or settled in it, receives from all attention and courtesy, free from vain parade or empty show. It is only the presumptuous foreigner who, on his tour, forgets, like Captain Hall, that we Americans are not destitute of feelings that belong to human nature, it is only such a tourist that upon occasion meets, and deservedly too, with the roughness that his insolence has provoked. 'It will be prudent at all times,' says Cooper, in a work wherein he gives this advice to Europeans, 'to treat those who serve you with great attention to their feelings.—It is a ludicrous mistake that you must treat every American as your companion in society, but it is very necessary that he should be treated as your equal in the eye of God.'

In another respect our country seems destined to excel,—in the fine arts. This will be laughed at by those scoffers who, until of late, so tauntingly asked the insulting question, 'who reads an American book?' It may yet be prognosticated from their excellence in some of the useful arts. 'Though there is scarce such a thing as a capital picture in this whole country,' says Mr. Cooper, 'I have seen more beautiful, graceful and convenient ploughs in use than are probably to be found in the whole of England united. In this single fact may be traced the history of the character of the people, and the germ of their future greatness.'—*Balt. Gaz.*

PLEASANT TO EMIGRANTS. The following is from the Cincinnati Mirror. It is part of the field notes of the Surveyor as returned to the office of the Surveyor General. The officer is describing a township of land in 'the Indiana State:'

'The greater part of what lies northwest of the river, though it was hard frozen when we were there, is just a lake of stagnant water, most of it apparently deep.—And that part of it called river, (for truly speaking is is all river,) is filled with grey ash, birch, maple, willow, black alder, and cane-brier bushes, so thick as hair on a dog's back, and as well matted together as the wool on a negro's head. The largest timber is more than half of it dead or dying, and falling on the awful mass of vegetation below, and under, through, all about the hole, is supplied with a goodly number of the most execrable water animals imaginable. The very thought of it makes my blood run chill.'

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.

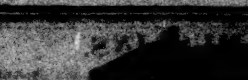
TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.

No. 3, Water st, (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms.

☞ A large discount made for cash. april 6



READY MADE.

CUSTOM SHOES.

JOHN KIMBALL, [illegible] to order, Ladies', Misses' [illegible] SHOES, of the first quality, [illegible]. The Lasts are [illegible] Last is divided into six or seven sizes of [illegible] to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are denoted in this way: [illegible] or (C 5-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter A is understood. No 138 Tremont street,

july 4 tf 6 doors from Court-st.

RESTORATEUR.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has taken Cellar No. 7, Congress Square, where he intends to furnish hot Dinners in every variety that can be found in the most respectable establishments of the kind in the city.

The subscriber would beg leave to say that he will spare no pains to make it every way a convenient and desirable place for those who may favor him with their patronage. ORRA GOSS.

july 4 tf

N. ENGLAND MAGAZINE,

NO. 49, for July. This day published by E. R. BROADERS, 127 Washington street, (up stairs.)

CONTENTS.

Original Papers.—Art. I. Shells and Sea-Weeds. I. The Departure; II. The Gale; III. Morning after the Gale; IV. To a Land Bird; V. A Thought of the Past; VI. Tropical Weather; VII. Night; VIII. The Planet Jupiter; IX. To ——; X. Poems. II. Dark Thoughts. III. The Old Maid in the Winding-Sheet. IV. [illegible]. V. United States [illegible]—Samuel L. [illegible]. VI. A Modern Pilgrimage. VII. [illegible]. VIII. [illegible] in Europe. IX. Annunciation. X. Poetry of the Prairies. XI. The Origin and Progress of Music—No. I. XII. Lines. XIII. *Critical Notices*—Mrs. Frances Anne Butler's Journal; Outre-Mer—a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea; The Infidel, or the Fall of Mexico, by the author of 'Calavar'; The Crayon Miscellany, No 2; Helon's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, a Picture of Judaism, in the century which preceded the Advent of our Saviour—from the German of Frederick Stenus; Blackbeard, a page from the Colonial History of Philadelphia; Indian Nullification. XIV. *Monthly Record.*

N. B.—This number commences the ninth volume and the fifth year of this popular Periodical. New subscribers can commence with this number. july 4

SIX MONTHS IN A

HOUSE OF CORRECTION,

OR, the Narrative of Dorah Mahony, who was under the influence of the Protestants about a year, and an inmate of the House of Correction, in Leverett-street Boston, nearly six months in the year 18—. With some preliminary suggestions by the committee of publication.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 4

PERIODICALS.

WALDIE'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—A new volume of this popular and very valuable work will commence with the No. published this week, which will contain the commencement of the "Pilgrims of Walsingham," received by the last packet.

This Library contains the best popular literature. including Memoirs, Biography, Tales, Travels, Voyages, &c., and is published in weekly numbers, of the quarto form, containing sixteen close printed pages, for $5 per annum, or $20 for five copies; furnishing as much reading matter as could be purchased in London books for one hundred and sixty-six dollars—as much reading as is contained in about *fifty common duodecimo volumes*, which cost at least fifty cents the volume, amounting to *twenty-five dollars.*

THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY, No 21, containing the commencement of the Philosophy of Sleep, by Robert Macnish, author of Anatomy of Drunkenness, and member of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow. Published in weekly Nos. at three dollars per year.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE; edited by C. T. Hoffman; author of "Winter in West" and H. W. Herbert. Subscriptions to this able and popular work, received by Samuel Colman, 121 Washington street.

The June number this day received.

S. COLMAN,

july 4 No. 121, Washington street.

EDUCATION OF BOYS.

THE School of the subscriber has lately been removed from No. 36 Hancock street, to a room in the 2d story of the building directly in front of Harding's Gallery, School street.

Parents and others interested in the education of boys are invited to call whenever it may suit their convenience, and witness the accommodations, the conduct and ordinary exercises of his pupils. H. W. CARTER.

june 27 3t

WIGHT'S

LASTS & BOOT-TREES.

THE Subscriber informs the public, that he manufactures and has for sale, *LASTS AND BOOT TREES*, of the best patterns, at No. 30, Fulton-street, (at the sign of the GOLDEN LAST.) All his Lasts and Boot Trees will be manufactured in the best style, and of seasoned stock, under the superintendence of his father CHARLES WIGHT—the patronage of whose former friends and customers is respectfully solicited.

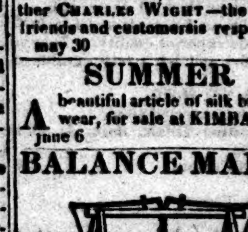
may 30 ADAMS WIGHT.

SUMMER STOCKS.

A beautiful article of silk bristles STOCKS, for summer wear, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st.

june 6

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.



PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 3m may 2

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

SAMUEL C. BISHOP respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has taken Store No 172 Washington street, (formerly occupied by Cushman, Bassett & Co.) where he intends keeping a prime assortment of Boots and Shoes, of all descriptions; and will also manufacture to measure, ladies' Shoes, of the best workmanship and style. He hopes by strict personal attention to his business to gain a share of public patronage, and particularly of the customers of the old stand. 5t june 20

LANDS IN ROXBURY.

FOR SALE.—House and Garden Lots, on very liberal terms: they are situated near the Rev. Mr. Putnam's meeting house, and known by the name of the "Porter Purchase." Between twenty and thirty acres have been laid out into lots of from 2000 to 20,000 feet, suitable for buildings of any class, and surpassed by none in the vicinity of Boston, for beauty of prospect, healthful air, excellence of water, and every convenience in relation to churches, schools, markets, hourly coaches, &c. &c. The roads are laying out, one of which reaches from Dedham turnpike to Centre street, and presents a great variety of pleasing positions. Any persons wishing to select Cottage and Garden Lots, at reasonable prices, will have an opportunity to do so any time previous to the 6th of June, when those not taken up will be sold at auction. For particulars and terms, to suit, apply to either of the subscribers.

JONA. DORR,
ALVAH KITTRIDGE,
NATH'L DORR,
may 30 PETER WAINWRIGHT.

NEW HAT STORE.

ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 37 Court street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire NEW STOCK of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

MATTRESSES, FEATHER

BEDS, TICKING, &c.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. No. 18, Union-street, have on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.

J. G. F. & Co. have also on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c. which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms.

june 27

BOOTS AND SHOES,

FOR CASH,

AT VERY LOW PRICES,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY

THOMAS C. WALES,

No 190 Washington Street

1 tf

STEAM PACKET BANGOR,

CAPT. SAMUEL H. HOWES.

BOSTON, PORTLAND, and BANGOR. Fare from Boston to Portland, $2; from Portland to Bangor, $3, and found.

The elegant low pressure Steam Packet Bangor, Capt. Samuel H. Howes, will leave Boston every Saturday at 5 P. M. for Portland and Bangor; arrives at Portland Sunday morning; leaves Portland same morning at 7 o'clock for Bangor; touching at Owlshead, Belfast, Bucksport and Frankfort, and arrives at Bangor same evening.

Returning, will leave Bangor for Portland and Boston, Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock; arrive at Portland same evening. Leaves Portland for Boston every Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock.

For Portland, will leave Boston every Thursday, at 5 P. M.

From Portland for Boston, will leave every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

Freight will not be received on board after 4 P. M. on the days of sailing.

This splendid Steam Packet was built by Messrs Brown & Bell, of New York, of the very best materials for strength, equal to any in the United States. She is about 400 tons burthen, built expressly for a sea route.

Her engine was from the Manufactory of J. P. Allaire, of New York, and has proved to be equal to any in use in this country, by constant use the whole of last season and not requiring any repairs.

In the fitting up of this Packet no expenses have been spared to contribute to the comfort or safety of passengers. She is provided with two powerful forcing pumps and suction hose; also a Fire Engine to be kept on her deck, in case of Fire to operate on any part of the boat. Five large boats, a large number of India rubber and cork Mattresses, one of which will sustain four persons on the water.

She is rigged with fore and aft sails, in case of accident to the Engine, that can be managed as any other vessel.

Many improvements have been made during the winter, under the immediate inspection of Captain Howes. She has been on the Salem railway, and coppered. Her cabins have been lighted, several state-rooms made on her main deck, and completely and thoroughly overhauled.

For passage, apply to ISAAC W. GOODRICH, No 58 Washington street, at which place a plan of the cabins may be seen, and berths secured, or on board, of the Captain, or to M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf.

☞ Travellers may depend on the above arrangements being permanently made. tf march 22

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN.

PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT.

For Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Fare to	Portsmouth	$2,00
	Dover	2,25
	Great Falls and South Berwick	2,25

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN, Capt. J. L. Clendennin, will leave the T-wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Stages will be in readiness at Portsmouth, to take passengers to the above places. Seats in the stages may be secured on board the Boat, and at the Dover Hotel.

Returning, will leave Portsmouth every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock.

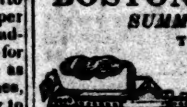
Stages will leave the above places for Portsmouth, in time to meet the Boat. Arrangements have been made with a line of Packets, to carry Freight to and from Dover, each trip.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board, or to EDMUND WRIGHT, Jr. T-wharf, or I. W. GOODRICH, 58, Washington street. may 30

BOSTON AND HINGHAM.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

THREE TRIPS A-DAY.



THE Steamboat GEN'L LINCOLN, Capt Geo. Beal, will, on and after MONDAY the 8th of June, leave Hingham—6 1-2 o'clock A. M., 10 1-2 do do, 4 do P. M.—Foster's wharf, Boston—8 1-2 o'clock A. M., 12 1-2 do P. M., 6 do do. Fare 37 1-2 cents.

Carriages will be in readiness, on the arrival of the boat at Hingham, to convey passengers to any part of that and most of the neighboring towns.

Passengers by applying at the Captain's office can be conveyed to any part of the city for 12 1-2 cts.

For further particulars apply to the captain on board, to Albert Fearing & Co. No 1 City wharf, or the subscriber. DAVID WHITON, Agent.

Hingham, June 6, 1835. 3m

WILLIAM ULMAN, AGENT,

BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURER, and dealer in FANCY ARTICLES, 232, Washington street—six doors south of Summer-street, Boston.

WILLIAM ULMAN, having a *BINDERY*, will devote his attention to binding New and Old Books of every description, at the lowest prices.

Particular care given to binding Music, gentlemen's Libraries, Newspapers, Periodicals and Pamphlets, &c.

Portfolios made to order. Paper ruled to any pattern. Printing and Engraving neatly executed.

Blank Books made to order, in the best style, at short notice.

Business and Visiting Cards executed in the best manner. may 23

NEW BOOK.

RELIGIOUS ENTERTAINMENT, being a series of interesting narrations and other valuable religious works, in a cheap form, suited to all classes of society; adapted to remind them of their important duties, at the same time that they afford the most pleasing and interesting amusements. To be issued monthly.

The present number contains, The Laborer and his Wife; being one of a series issued quarterly, by the Rev Charles B. Taylor, M. A., under the title of Social Evils and their Remedies. Received by S. COLMAN, at old stand of Lilly, Wait & Co. june 27

NEW BOOKS.

JENKYN ON THE ATONEMENT.—The extent of the atonement in its relation to God and the Universe. By Thomas W. Jenkyn. With an introduction, by Rev. Daniel L. Carroll, Pastor of the first Presbyterian Church, Brookline, N. Y.

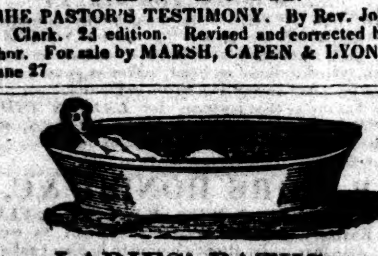
The Influence of Mothers on the character, welfare and destiny of individuals, families and communities, illustrated in a series of anecdotes, with a preliminary essay on the same subject. By Charles A. Goodrich.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. june 27

NEW BOOK.

THE PASTOR'S TESTIMONY. By Rev. John A. Clark. 2d edition. Revised and corrected by the author. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.

june 27



LADIES' BATHS.

BRAMAN'S NEW BATHS are now open for the season. Ladies' Warm, Cold, Plunging, and Shower Baths, fitted up in good style, in a separate building. Female attendants at all hours.

☞ Gentlemen's Swimming School now open for the season, for those who wish to learn to swim, or bathe.

june 20 ep4w

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS

HOVEY & CO. Horticultural Seed Warehouse, 79 and 81 Cornhill, have just received, in the Galliot Venillia, from Rotterdam, a fine assortment of Summer Bulbs; consisting of Tuberoses, Amaryllis Formosissima, Gladiolus Natalensis, Tigridia Conchiflora, &c.

june 20

WATER PROOF PREMIUM

GOODS.

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets and beds complete—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubing—Injection do, &c. *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows—Gas Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by

nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO, Boston

COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!!

A. S. JORDAN, sign of the *Original Golden Comb*, No. 2, Milk street, manufactures and has for sale a well selected assortment of Shell and Horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf—may 23

NEW BOOKS.

THE PHENIX.—A collection of old and new fragments.

The Complete Farmer. By Thomas G. Fessenden.

Memoir of Swartz. By Hugh Pearson, D. D.

Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity.

Barnes' Notes on the Acts, Vol. 2.

Esther—A religious narrative, with an original poem, by H. F. Gould.

For sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, 133, Washington street. may 16

BURNS AND SCALDS.

CONANT'S CURE.

ANTIPHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Eruptions, Stings and Bites of Insects, Poisoned Wounds, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, [illegible] Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, [illegible] Gangrene, &c. &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers [illegible] Scirrhous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds, [illegible] Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. All inflammations also specific character as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abscesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphillitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action, which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever, when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, as the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 128 State street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally.—Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass.) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.) dec 13

MRS. GRISWOLD'S

SUPERIOR OINTMENT.

MRS. E. GRISWOLD respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues to keep for sale a constant supply of her SUPERIOR OINTMENT, which can be had of Mr. HENRY WELSH, (whom she has appointed sole agent to sell the same,) at his Store, No. 235, Washington street, three doors south of the Marlboro' Hotel. This invaluable Ointment is prepared only by herself—it is purely a vegetable preparation—warranted free from all poisonous ingredients; and well known to thousands who have used it, for its safety and efficacy in curing Rheumatism, Bruises, Sprains, Burns and Scalds, sore and swelled Breasts and the various humors incident to the human system.

☞ Mrs. G. returns her sincere thanks to her former customers, for their liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of their favors; but, to prevent counterfeits, which have been imposed upon the public, all who wish to obtain the genuine article are hereby informed, that it can only be had of her at 283 Washington street, or of her agent, as above directed.

april 4 3m

DR. J. K. PALMER'S

Compound Fluid Extract of

SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also for Gleet, Leucorrhœa, &c.

THIS article is now prescribed by some, of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.

The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparill, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strenght, possessing all the virtues of this root in the most convenient form for immediate use.

From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezerron, Guaiac, Sassafras and Cubebs.

Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned, will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.

Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, Boston. june 6

CHEMICAL

EMBROCATION,

Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.

Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doctor Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion.—Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 cts and 25 cts. april 25

MAN'S GREATEST AND

—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—

HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED.

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered. for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects; and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by unusual sufferings from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been to me an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain a natural peristalic action in the stomach and intestines, and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid and bilious matter which they contain; and also to remov biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels: such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Billious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility. Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may, with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages, in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly effectual in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellency. In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained a fair reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached.

JOHN W. TAYLOR.

Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.

Oct. 8, 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public.

JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of a liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me, and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint.

Milton, Oct. 3, 1834." ANN POWEL.

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.

april 18 1y

MASSACHUSETTS

BOTANIC INFIRMARY.

N. B. IF SICK OR LAME,

COLDS, coughs, chronic complaints, &c &c, cured with the vapor bath and a few roots or herbs, at 118 Washington street, opposite the Worcester Rail Road office.

References: Alpheus Adams, Barnstable—Joseph Converse, Brighton—John H. Young, Lowell—Capt E. Fish, Sandwich—Wm Eldrige, Harwich—Robert Schooley, [illegible]—Henry N. Carpenter, Goshen, N. H.—[illegible] Nelson, Sutton N. H.—P. G. Sheldon, New York—[illegible] Cleaveland, New Orleans.

Together with 1400 others, principally of this city, one of which was relieved in seven hours and cured in [illegible] days of brain fever or cold and delirium, after his physicians had given him up to die, and said he could not live [illegible] hours.

Another, a child sick with the croup, given over as incurable by one of the celebrated regular diplomatised physicians, and thought to be dying before I saw it, relieved in fifteen minutes well enough to ride out in three days and recovered entirely in a short time.

Another—a gentleman who had been confined to his bed for some time, with the rheumatism—relieved so as to be able to walk, in twenty-four hours, and entirely recovered in a few weeks.

Another, of the same complaint, cured in one week, after having previously been confined to his room for four months, with the same complaint, when under the fashionable mercurial blistering practice.

Another—a lady, with severe palpitation of the heart, so much relieved in one day as to regain her health in a few weeks, by using the simple medicine at her own house.

Another—a lady, who had been sick for a long time, and applied to several physicians, some of whom said she had the liver complaint, some consumption, some dyspepsia, others general debility, all of whom I think told the truth, so much relieved in one month as to be able to sit up all day and do some work, and now enjoys comfortable health.

I might continue this list till I should weary the reader's patience with numerous cures of all curable complaints which flesh is heir to, but shall close with a general invitation to all, both sick and well, to call and see for themselves, and if they are not fully satisfied that the Botanic system of Medicine is both safe and salutary, they will be referred to any of the above persons, who are convinced from experience, that

"The simple herbs beneath our feet,
WELL US'D, relieve our pains complete."

Syrups for coughs and colds for sale, together with a general assortment of Vegetable Medicines, wholesale and retail, at fair prices. J. A. BROWN, B. P.

feb 14 tf

PRICE REDUCED.

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of Throat Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhea, Dysentary, Sore Breasts of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short, for almost all the affections of the mucous membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal. These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility, nor does it, as is the case with the operation of most medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold.

The *Vegetable Extract* has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is the price. The proprietors, being desirous to obviate this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which barely remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it; and the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family, as well as the rich.

N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of what is here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, and will call on one of the proprietors, No. 118 State street, Boston, besides the recommendations which will accompany each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.

For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent, RALPH SMITH, 118 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes, [illegible]; William Brown, 481 Washington street; Pearson, Rowland, 188 Washington street; Brewer & Brothers, 90 Washington street; J. P. Hall, 1 Union st; E. Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leveret st; C. Holbrook, 18 Leverett st; L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st; D. Henshman, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer, 118 State st; C. French, 181 Hanover st; A. Boyden, 24 Hanover st; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st; J. L. Elliot, 81 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle, 33 Prince st; J. P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st; J. P. Preston, corner of Federal and Williams st. may 2

Compound Syrup

ICELAND MOSS

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